

# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

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## A MYSTERY OF OLD GRAY'S INN.

ONE gloomy evening towards the end of November a gentleman entered the small shop of a stationer and auctioneer in Chancery Lane. A white mist had been hanging about the town all day, wrapping the narrow streets in a dank embrace that caused moisture to ooze from every wall and to drip from every projecting eave. But as the dusk of evening came creeping on, this chill and shadowy vapour changed into a thick yellow fog, and then object after object became engulfed in the gathering darkness,—a darkness little dispelled by the dim light of the few oil lamps slung at rare intervals from house to house, whose smoky flames were to-night rendered still more dim than usual, obscured as they were by the heavy fog and by the slanting veil of rain that began to fall with slow but steady persistency.

As ill-paved as they were ill-lighted, the streets in this quarter of the great city were, about the beginning of the present century, not only disagreeable but even dangerous to traverse after nightfall. Few respectable persons cared to venture on foot or alone into the intricate maze of lanes and alleys that abutted on the principal thoroughfares, for less than a hundred years ago these narrow and tortuous passages were mostly given up to thieves and cut-throats, and to the midnight roysterers whose savage pranks the

aged watchmen of those days sought to escape from rather than to check.

On the night in question therefore the best class of shops in Chancery Lane had been closed when the darkening atmosphere had warned their owners that the nominal day was over, and at length even the necessitous and hopeful little stationer gave up all chance of a stray customer, and, leaving with a sigh any farther inspection of his unsatisfactory ledger, prepared to put up his shutters and seek some solace for slackness of trade in the warmth of his tiny back parlour.

He was stooping beneath his counter, when a sharp rap on it caused him to start up. A gentleman had entered unobserved, and was standing beside the desk.

"You let chambers in Gray's Inn, I believe?" inquired the new comer.

"Well, sir," said the auctioneer dubiously, "I do not in a general way let chambers [he had never let any], but I know a great deal about them, and can offer you as good a choice as any one in the neighbourhood."

"Ah! indeed," said the gentleman in a voice as chilly as the weather; adding, after a moment's pause and in a dreamy tone as if he had been thinking of something else, "Have you any to let in an uninhabited house?"

"Well, you see, sir," replied the agent, somewhat puzzled by the de-

mand, "gentlemen who don't wish for no others in a house mostly take whole houses and not chambers. Gray's Inn isn't much of a place for families. Chambers come expensive; so our business gentlemen as a rule find two or three rooms enough for their work."

"I require," said the new comer in a low, almost sepulchral voice, "a basement set, and two or three rooms above; and I should prefer a house where there are no other inhabitants, or at any rate where there are but few."

Now there was something in these inquiries that considerably disturbed the nervous auctioneer. The customer's manner of speech was peculiar, his appearance even more so. He had removed his hat, disclosing thereby a singularly pale and careworn countenance. Dark circles, denoting either severe illness or much study, and possibly both, surrounded large deep-set eyes that gleamed with strange unearthly fire beneath heavy overhanging brows. The massive square chin was closely shaven. The hair was thrown back from the lofty forehead, and, though now wet from the rain that had fallen upon it, had evidently earlier in the day been carefully dressed and powdered. The whole attire, though now splashed and muddy, was that of a man of some position. Nevertheless, though the garments were good and handsome, there was something about them, both in material and fashion, that was not usual. Still more unusual was his speech, each word being said slowly and distinctly as if a lesson carefully learned was being cautiously repeated.

"I came to you," continued the gentleman, speaking always in the same deep voice and with the same measured accents, "because your shop being a small one you have probably not much business, and will therefore have more leisure to attend to mine. I do not seek large or fashionable rooms. In this noisy town I wish for chambers that are secluded and therefore quiet.

Should you be able to find me such as I desire, I am willing to pay you double the usual commission. To-day is Tuesday,—can you undertake to show me such chambers as I have described on Friday?"

Now had it not been for the temptation held out by the double fee it is possible the auctioneer might have declined this commission. Those were days of anxiety and trouble, when all strangers were regarded with suspicion. There was treason in the air, and to the mass of the people the very name of foreigner signified spy or Jacobin. Mr. Kitway was timid in the extreme, and mentally shuddered at such ugly words as treason and traitors, revolt or revolution. Not only the British Constitution, but that ancient Inn of Court, the venerable Gray's Inn itself, might be shaken, if not destroyed, were blood-thirsty foreigners allowed to enter such sacred precincts. The more Mr. Kitway looked at his new customer, the longer he listened to the strange voice, the more decided became his trepidation and his dislike. A nervous tremor came over him each time he met those basilisk eyes, and whenever the gentleman drew near the other as invariably retreated. But the double fee was a consideration not to be disregarded, for the little man's business was as small as himself, and, poor fellow, he had a sickly wife and four hungry children, whose ever open mouths clamoured for the food it was so hard to provide. To add to his troubles a fifth baby was now expected, and there were but few shillings in the till wherewith to make preparations for the new comer, or to provide the ailing mother with the comforts she sorely needed.

So Mr. Kitway made an effort, and overcoming both his dislike and his distrust, assured his client he would be prepared on Friday to show him sundry chambers in the quietest parts of the Inn.

"On Friday, then," repeated the gentleman, and was preparing to leave the shop, when Mr. Kitway, drawing

out his day-book, requested to know the name and address of the applicant.

"Quite unnecessary, quite unnecessary," returned the stranger hurriedly. "I will return on Friday and see the rooms." He closed the door hastily as he spoke, and in another instant had disappeared in the gloom of the fog.

On the following day Mr. Kitway betook himself to the best agents in the neighbourhood, but he soon found that the task he had undertaken was no easy one. A tenant who had given neither name nor address was not likely to be favourably received by either agents or owners of the best houses. Indeed so popular was this then celebrated Inn of Court, that but few sets of chambers were ever vacant. Vainly did Mr. Kitway address himself to every agent in the neighbourhood; no such rooms as he required could be found. Wearied with his long walk, wearied from his fruitless exertions, provoked with himself for having wasted so much time on a bootless errand, he at length abandoned farther search and turned his steps homeward.

The fog still hung heavy over the town although the sun had been making many, and mostly unsuccessful, efforts to pierce the dense atmosphere. But between sun and fog the weather was close and oppressive, so the vexed and heated little man halted for a moment in Field Court, and leaning against the great gates that closed the entrance to the gardens, took off his hat and wiped his fevered brow. As he did so, one of the shabby old women who haunt the purlieus of colleges, Inns of Court and other bachelor residences, issued from an opposite house.

"Deary me, Mr. Kitway, but you do look warm this nasty close morning. What have you been a-doin' of, to get yourself in such a pother?"

"I've been and gone and walked myself pretty nigh off my legs, Mrs. Mimms; that's what I've been a-doin' of, and a fool I am for my pains.

That's about it," returned the provoked auctioneer, polishing his face and head until they absolutely shone again from the violence of the friction. "If you want to look at a born fool, look at me, Mrs. Mimms, trudging about for nigh upon four hours, knocking at folks' doors, and leaving them larfin' like mad for hunting about Gray's Inn for an uninhabited house."

"What's that you're a-sayin', Mr. Kitway? An uninhabited house? Why, I know a house that's just exactly that—leastways only one man and two ghosts, or one ghost and two men live in it, so to speak."

"Well, now, if that ain't curious! Here have I been hunting high and low all for nothing, and then the first word you say tells me what I want. Come along, there's a good soul, and show it to me this instant minute."

"Well, but, Mr. Kitway, it's an uncommon nasty house."

"It's an uncommon nasty man as wants it," retorted Mr. Kitway, turning round to look into the gardens as he spoke. As he did so he started violently.

"Bless my soul!" he ejaculated in considerable confusion and even alarm, "if the gentleman isn't sitting there under Lord Bacon's tree. He must have heard every word I've said!"

"Matthew Kitway," said Mrs. Mimms with much severity, "I'm ashamed o' you. I'm right down ashamed o' you! Though it's so early, you're in liquor. Can't you see them gates is locked, and not a soul in them gardens? There ain't nobody under that there tree, nor can't be neither. I always took you for an uncommon steady good sort o' man, Matthew Kitway, and though a poor suffering crittur like me is forced to take a drop sometimes to keep the cold out and the life in my poor legs, there's no call for your being taken like that at this time o' day."

The abashed Mr. Kitway took another turn with the handkerchief at his head and face, including his eyes

this time in the energetic friction. When after this vigorous process he looked again at the tree, he perceived clearly that no one was there, although he fancied he could distinguish the figure of a tall man retreating towards the steps at the farther extremity of the gardens. He took good care, however, not to mention this fact to Mrs. Mimms.

"I suppose I'm a bit nervous and upset," said he apologetically. "I've been up pretty well all night. The poor missus gets worse and worse every day, so what with that, and the four children having the whooping cough, it isn't much sleep as I gets."

"Such is the joys o' matrimony," remarked Mrs. Mimms philosophically. "Them as undertakes it must put up with the ill-convenience, for them as marries does it for better for worse, and with us poor folk it allers seems to me there's a deal more worse than better about the business. But come along now, and have a look at this house, for I've something else to do besides hawering here."

So saying Mrs. Mimms turned out of Field Court, passed through the narrow passage, or rather paved yard, of Gray's Inn Place, and then skirting the gardens entered the broad quiet street called Raymond's Buildings. Here the tall dark brick houses were stately and handsome, and the situation was remarkably pleasant, for the windows on one side looked upon the beautiful gardens. Entering one of these houses Mrs. Mimms ascended the stairs more swiftly than might have been expected from a lady of her size and years, and then turning a key in a door of an upper story motioned Mr. Kitway to enter.

"I'll sit down here while you look about you," said she. "The staircase is steep and my legs ain't long, nor is my breath what it used to be."

Mr. Kitway entered, opened the shutters and looked about him. The rooms were spacious and would have been cheerful, had not the light been

obscured not only by the branches of the trees that grew too closely before the windows, but by the windows themselves being dim with dust and dirt. Dust lay thick upon floor, cornice, and every projecting ledge, and the air was heavy besides with the faint musty smell invariably found in places long untenanted and neglected. The old boards creaked unpleasantly beneath the auctioneer's nervous footsteps, and odd little noises came whispering mysteriously through every keyhole, and between every interstice of the mouldering woodwork. Mr. Kitway therefore hurriedly completed his inspection and hastened to rejoin Mrs. Mimms, rubbing his hands with much apparent satisfaction at having been so far successful in his search.

"Now for the chambers below," said he cheerfully to his conductress, who did not however say much in reply to his eulogiums on the rooms they had left. "Now for those in the basement, and we shall be suited to a T."

The basement chambers were not so satisfactory as those above; they were dark, damp, and mouldy, with a strong odour of rats and distinct proofs of blackbeetles. Still the little man thought that the quiet and seclusion would compensate in his strange customer's eyes for these small discomforts, and taking a grateful farewell of his guide he proceeded homewards fairly satisfied with his morning's work.

Bad as the weather had been on the previous occasion, it was as nothing compared to the storm of wind and rain that raged when the stranger presented himself on the ensuing Friday evening at Mr. Kitway's shop. That nervous little man had indulged in the hope that so formidable a tempest might induce the Unknown to defer his visit. But no; on the day and at the hour agreed upon the shop-bell tinkled, and the customer again appeared.

"You have succeeded?" he inquired, speaking in that cold, calm, and passion-



less voice, whose tones had already produced so unpleasant an effect on the nerves of the timid auctioneer. This time the effect was even more disagreeable than before; but there was something so commanding in the accents of that quiet voice that although Mr. Kitway had in his own mind prepared sundry propositions with a view of remitting the visit of inspection to a more favourable moment, he now lacked courage to mention them, and felt himself compelled to obey without farther comment.

"We will go at once," said the Unknown.

Mr. Kitway hurriedly put on his overcoat, and took down his hat from its peg.

"You have a lantern?"

Mr. Kitway dived into the kitchen, and returned with the article in question.

"The keys?"

"I have them," shortly replied the usually loquacious auctioneer; but somehow he was conscious his own will had faded away, and he could but obey his queer customer in every respect.

Without more words the gentleman opened the door and passed into the street. Through mud, wind and rain the strange pair plodded on. In such weather scarce a soul was abroad; not a human being could be seen in the whole length of Raymond's Buildings, and not a light gleamed from one of its windows. The quiet in the street below was deathlike; but high overhead the branches of the trees could be heard creaking wildly as they were tossed to and fro by the fitful violence of the gale. A dismal welcome to a new dwelling!

On arriving at their destination, one of the last houses in the row, they found that a couple of dim lamps hanging in cressets on the walls partially lessened the obscurity of the staircase. Having mounted to the upper story Mr. Kitway hurriedly put the key into the lock, eager to introduce the intending tenant to his new abode; he was

in fact desperately anxious to get the business over, and to escape to the safety and warmth of his own fireside. The fierce roaring of the wind and the dismal rushing of the rain had already shaken the little courage with which nature had endowed him, and he was now fairly scared by the darkness and lonesomeness of the desolate house.

Scarcely had they entered the chambers than a sharp gust of wind caused the door to close suddenly behind them, while a rattling peal of thunder broke right over the house, making it shake to its very foundations. At the same instant a stream of lightning filled the room with blue and lurid light, and falling full upon the face of the Unknown, it cast so terrible and ghastly a pallor upon every feature that timid Mr. Kitway was completely overcome. In overpowering terror he staggered back against the wall, letting the lantern fall from his hand with another startling crash.

"Lor-a-mercy, sir!" said the poor little fellow struggling to regain his composure. "I humbly begs your pardon, but I really thought your honour was the devil. I hope your honour will excuse the liberty I take in mentioning the likeness."

"No apologies I beg," replied the stranger, speaking with his usual chill composure. "No doubt," added he, with a low scornful laugh that infinitely increased his companion's terror, "the resemblance is flattering, and I appreciate the compliment. These rooms will suit me. Should the basement do as well I will take the chambers, or indeed the whole house."

Now it had been disagreeable to go up stairs, but it was far more so to have to inspect the lower rooms, where Mr. Kitway knew that there were myriads of blackbeetles, and feared not only rats but ghosts. However, there was no help for it; the stranger meant to go, and go they did.

Most ghastly and uninviting did

these underground places appear when the door was opened. At least half a dozen huge rats scudded off to as many holes, while the floor was absolutely blackened by the swarms of beetles that were crawling over it. But of neither rats nor of insects did the intending tenant take much heed. The thickness of the walls, the strength of beams, the size and construction of the chimneys were the object of his closest and most careful scrutiny. After an examination that to the miserable auctioneer appeared to have lasted hours, the gentleman declared himself satisfied, and demanded the name of the agent.

On returning again to the street Mr. Kitway once more ventured to ask the name and address of his customer, but the latter either did not hear, or gave no heed to the question. He placed a guinea in the hand of the auctioneer saying, "For the trouble you have already had. Should I arrange satisfactorily with the agents you will receive your commission with the extra fee I mentioned."

He drew his cloak closely around him as he spoke, and in another minute disappeared, or, as Mr. Kitway expressed it, faded away in the gloom.

Comforted by the consciousness of the golden coin safely deposited in a secure pocket Mr. Kitway made the best of his way home, the lantern being eminently useful in showing him the numerous holes and deep pools of mud that made walking a matter of some danger.

After this days and weeks passed, and he heard no more either of the chambers or of their proposed tenant. He received the promised fee, and that fact, combined with the arrival of many workpeople, made him conclude they had been taken. Nevertheless he was still unacquainted with the name of his client, nor could he learn anything respecting him. It was irritating, it was mortifying. The inquiries he from time to time ventured to

make were fruitless; the workpeople employed were foreigners, strange, stern men with gleaming eyes and great beards, who either did not know, or professed not to know, anything. All Mr. Kitway could ascertain was, that innumerable wires, enclosed in metal or other pipes, were hung in and about the walls of the various rooms. Even these were at length finished, and appeared in perfect order. The rooms were furnished; precautions had been taken against the inroads of rats and blackbeetles; all was ready for the arrival of the new tenant. But he did not come; the expected master did not appear. Mrs. Mimms was occasionally sent to dust and clean, but she could tell nothing to curious neighbours, for there was nothing to tell.

Then long before curiosity was satisfied rumours arose, ugly rumours that were circulated with bated breath. Doubtless this unknown tenant who so strangely held himself aloof was a spy, a political spy, even now in prison probably for heinous offences against the Government. Already did Mr. Kitway quake with fear lest his connection with such a wretch should be established; when one day without warning, without saying whence he had come or how he had come, the strange customer was established in Raymond's Buildings,—he and his servant. And this servant proved to be even more alarming than his reserved and mysterious master. He was a being stricken by misfortune, deformed and dumb. It was asserted that he had no tongue, but his hearing was perfect, and when angered he would utter a low growl like that of a wild animal. It may be imagined the terror he excited among the hordes of children that swarmed in this poor neighbourhood, especially as when irritated his eyes would flash with a rage that bordered on insanity.

Master and man therefore were equally disliked and equally shunned. Little however did either heed dislike or avoidance. They sufficed for each

other, though what might be the bond that bound them together none knew. They were never seen together. No one had ever penetrated into their dwelling. Neither visitor nor letter came there, nor were the bells so carefully arranged ever heard to ring. What could be the employment that engrossed their days?

But what was the employment of the nights? Whoever had sufficient courage to linger near that gloomy basement might have heard strange sounds during the night, especially at those times when storms of wind or rain deadened other noises. Then did the strange tenant and his man appear busily occupied. A pungent and unpleasant smell of chemical preparations would then filter through the interstices of the doors, closely fitting though they were, while vivid streams of light would flash through them accompanied by the faint tinkle of metals struck together, and followed by low moans, or by sobs both grievous and heart-rending, as if wrung from some creature in mortal pain. What could these things mean?

There was but one other dweller in this apparently deserted house. The attics were occupied by a poor student, a young fellow whose whole soul was devoted to the study of the law. Rarely was his mind free from the care of unravelling some knotty and abstruse point of his difficult profession. Little he thought or cared of those who might be dwelling beneath the same roof as himself.

The other rooms bore an evil reputation, as Mrs. Mimms had hinted to Mr. Kitway. A wretched man, exhausted by too much study, heart-sickened by failure, overwhelmed by the drear solitude of a lonely and hopeless life, had here destroyed himself. For two days his door had been closed, and had so remained unheeded, for there were none to care for the solitary and poverty-stricken creature. On the third day the lock was forced, and then the horrified spectators shrank back in

affright, for directly facing them was the miserable suicide, who, with staring eyes and tongue half bitten through, was hanging from the post of his own bed. Ever after did the unquiet spirit haunt those ill-omened chambers; and though many tenants had essayed to occupy them, none would long remain, for mocking laughs came from the place where the dreadful deed had been committed, while unearthly whispers and heart-broken sighs banished all hope of sleep.

Severe were the strictures passed by Mrs. Mimms on this unhappy ghost. "Give me," said the worthy soul, "good, solid flesh and blood. A wooden leg is a nat'ral infirmity and so must be put up with, but who wants the thread-paper insides of people who choose to go out of the world for their own convenience? If they've no call to stop here, why do they come back when their company is not requested? Live and let live is my motter, and if you ain't alive yourself, why go and worrit them as is? For I've never heard tell," concluded Mrs. Mimms triumphantly, "that a ghost ever gave no-think to nobody." Such powerful arguments were unanswerable, and henceforward Mrs. Mimms' mysterious headshakings and gloomy mutterings were accepted as indisputable evidences against the unknown tenant and his servant.

But before long far more pressing anxieties led to their being forgotten.

These were troubled times. The expenses of a long war had impoverished the country, and rumours of still heavier taxation agitated and alarmed all classes. Trade was at a low ebb, and agricultural prospects were grievously depressed. A cold spring had been followed by an exceptionally dry summer. All too late to save the parched and thirsty crops rain ultimately fell with tropical violence, and was succeeded by a heat that would have been wealth at an earlier season. Now it did but draw dank and noisome vapours from the steaming

earth. Pestilence was brooding over the land, and soon was heard the voice of Rachel weeping for her children. Gaunt Famine had long held sway in the squalid courts and ill-drained streets around Gray's Inn, and soon his partner, fell Disease, came to claim the victims already weakened by hunger and privation.

Now in these hours of suffering did the strange tenant awaken from his lethargy, and with no scanty liberality give generous aid. Nevertheless such aid was partial and eccentric, and though abundantly bestowed upon children and young people, for the aged he had no sympathy. Besides, he and his servant alike inspired both terror and aversion, so gruesome was the aspect of the mute, so stern and pitiless were the regulations and treatment of the master. His medical skill was no doubt great, but his remedies were strange, and he brooked neither disobedience nor remonstrance. Thus his abundant gifts of medicine, wine, and even luxuries, were received ungratefully and regarded with suspicion.

More and more sultry did the weather become, until towards the end of August the heat seemed to have culminated in intensity. The atmosphere was heavy and stagnant. Not a breath of air to bring relief to the gasping inhabitants of the narrow unsavoury streets. A sickening vapour hung about most of the houses, and a faint nauseous smell, as of decaying vegetation, told again the oft-repeated tale why fever and death are the constant attendants on poverty, dirt, and neglect of all sanitary precautions.

Poor Mr. Kitway stood within his shop jaded and weary. From the little back parlour came the feeble cries of a sickly infant, mingled with the faint drone of Mrs. Kitway's voice as she tried to lull the child to sleep. On those doorsteps that he ever essayed to keep respectable the other children were enjoying violent skirmishes amongst themselves, varied by occasional encounters with similarly minded warlike

boys. It was too hot to chastise the rioters; it was too depressing to work longer at his books. He would seek comfort in asking payment of a little bill; the few shillings so obtained would relieve his mind; a cool shady court might relieve his body. And so off he started, little heeding the threatening weather.

For a storm was now indeed coming. Lower and lower were the lurid clouds descending over the half stifled town, pressing around it, and darkening it as if with closing curtains. In Gray's Inn gardens not a leaf stirred, limp and shrivelled they hung half dead upon the trees. The birds wheeled uneasily to and fro with quick, anxious chirps. They knew some sinister influence was abroad, but at length even their twitterings ceased. Nature became ominously silent. Even the roll of carts and carriages fell on the ear with a strangely muffled sound, so subdued was the habitual roar of the great capital beneath the weight of the mighty disturbance that was approaching. Occasional mutterings of distant thunder could be heard, but remote and broken, as if coming from some immense distance. Mr. Kitway fairly gasped for breath as he plodded slowly onwards. The atmosphere was so charged with electricity that the very air was absorbed by the heated pavements and houses, till at last, when the sun became obscured by the gathering clouds, he paused in doubt whether he had not best return.

Even as he paused a roar of thunder like the shock of heavy artillery burst over his head, and a stream of forked lightning filled the street with its blue and livid glare. Half blinded, and wholly overwhelmed with terror, Mr. Kitway staggered to the nearest doorway, and in his panic crouched down beneath the narrow shelter of its portico. The long threatening storm had come, and had come in all its might of terrific power. The roll of thunder was incessant, and each stream of lightning was followed by the rattle of

falling chimneys, the crash of stricken trees, and the screams of terrified women and children.

Suddenly, high above the roar of contending elements, piercing through all other noises, came a wild and maddened yell. Once again it rose, and yet again. None but a tortured human being could have uttered that shriek of deadly agony.

Forgetful of his own terror, the good little auctioneer rushed to aid. He could not hear such sounds unmoved. Others joined him. In a few seconds they were at Raymond's Buildings. Again the cry arose, but this time fainter, weaker, with the sob of expiring life. It came from the area chambers belonging to the strange tenant. The door was fastened; but those who had now arrived were resolved to enter. Fiercely they beat upon the panels; loudly they demanded admittance. Their calls were unheeded. All was quiet within, with the silence of death. Was he who had so suffered indeed dead? Those without resolved to know. With increased violence they struck the door. At length a slight tinkling noise was heard, as if metal substances were being cautiously moved. Slow steps approached. The lock was turned, and the unknown tenant stood before them. His saturnine countenance was pale to lividness, but in his deep-set, brilliant eyes there shone a strange and unnatural joy, and around his stern mouth there hovered a grim smile.

"Will you inform me, gentlemen, why you thus invade my privacy?" said the Stranger in his customary grave and composed manner. "It seems that for some reason you wish to enter. Pray do so, although your visit is inopportune, for my servant has met with an accident."

The gloomy day made the gloomy room still more sombre of aspect, and what little light might have found its way in was shut out by closely-drawn blinds, nevertheless there was sufficient to enable those who entered to per-

ceive a figure stretched upon an opposite couch, a figure that shocked and startled them with both fear and horror. It was the unhappy mute; and so rigidly motionless did he lie that, but for a rare convulsive movement, it might have been supposed that life had already departed. His master's cloak had been thrown over him, and his head and face were only partially visible; but the eyes of the spectators fixed at once with horrified intensity upon a ghastly wound in the neck, from which the blood was rapidly welling. The dreadful stream had flowed down upon the floor, forming a dark and hideous pool, into which the crimson drops were falling fast and heavily.

For a second the new comers were petrified by the shocking sight; then one of them started forward to the side of the sufferer. "Merciful Heaven, man!" he cried, "are you doing nothing to staunch this deadly wound? This poor wretch is dying from loss of blood!" Even as he spoke he hurriedly endeavoured to check the flow of blood by drawing together the sides of the terrible gash.

"Quick, quick," he again cried eagerly, "a surgeon! Let some one seek a surgeon without more loss of time."

But the Unknown had now approached his servant, and was bending over him with an expression of anxious care,—an expression of loving as well as of anxious care, though strange gleams of pleasure mingled with this anxiety, singular enough on a countenance usually so calm and impassive. When, however, he heard these words he raised himself to his full height.

"Stay!" he said with commanding dignity to the man who was preparing to leave the room. "No surgeon is required. I myself understand the art. My poor fellow's blood has been allowed to flow to relieve his brain. It is now time to dress the wound." So saying he quietly put aside the first speaker. With the skilled hand of a practised surgeon he drew the cut to-



gether, applied the dressings that lay ready on a neighbouring table, then covered the throat with a thick poultice of moist and cooling leaves.

"An accident has befallen him," he continued, calmly turning to the astonished bystanders, and as he did so glancing casually at a mass of broken glass that lay scattered around. "But no great harm has been done," he added, as he proceeded to administer with the utmost caution some reviving drops to the injured man.

The poor fellow opened his eyes and looked with fond affection into his master's face. His pale lips sought to kiss the hand that was ministering to him; then they parted, and with an unearthly rattle in the throat he uttered some hideous inarticulate sounds, more resembling the cries of a stricken animal than the words of a human voice. Then sinking back, he lapsed again into partial unconsciousness.

Tears stood in the cold, hard eyes of his master; but as he heard this frightful effort at speech, a gleam of inexpressible delight passed over his stern and saturnine countenance.

"Gentlemen," he said, turning once more to those around, "I must beg you will at once leave us. I thank you for your sympathy and intended help, but the reason, perhaps even the life, of my servant depends upon his remaining perfectly quiet and undisturbed."

As the Unknown spoke he moved towards the door, and so dignified was his manner, so commanding was his voice, that those who heard could not but obey. Slowly did each man prepare to leave the room. Mr. Kitway was the last.

"Stay," said the strange tenant as his eye fell upon the wondering and inquisitive face of the auctioneer; "stay, you may be of use. Remain here to-night, and I will pay you well."

The little man started in alarm as he heard these words. His heart

leaped into his mouth (so he said), for great as was his curiosity, his fears were yet greater. Nevertheless he dared not refuse a request that was well-nigh an order; and so sorely did he need the proffered pay! Tacitly therefore did he assent, though his alarm was not decreased when he saw the Unknown lock and double lock the door. However, necessity gives courage even to cowards, and Mr. Kitway was no exception to the rule. So, emboldened by this stern necessity, and also encouraged by the promised reward, he became, as he afterwards expressed it, equal to the occasion, and rose superior to adverse circumstances. The numerous duties incidental to a sick room kept him fully occupied for many hours, and his kind heart and ready obedience made him in fact very useful. At length the good little fellow was so overcome by the unwonted fatigue that, whenever he had a few minutes' respite and could approach a distant chair, he seated himself to think, he said, of course not to sleep. Sleep indeed fled from him. The faint glimmer of the shaded light sent only pale shadows into the remote portions of the cavernous room, leaving many corners in deep obscurity. But when Mr. Kitway gazed intently into these dark corners, they seemed peopled with strange shapes and formless objects. Eyes would stare at him from these mystic depths, warning voices would at times murmur in his ear.

The actual storm had now passed away, but the heavy rain that followed had not sensibly diminished the intense heat. This rain was gradually subsiding, and the steady drop, drop of the departing shower made a species of soothing lullaby. So at last Mr. Kitway fell into a sort of troubled slumber; though seated on an uneasy chair, his head falling sometimes forward, sometimes backward, his limbs jerking about from the discomforts of his position, such a sleep brought but little rest. It was suddenly and fearfully broken. Again had that awful



cry been uttered, and its agonised tones seemed still to vibrate around the darkened room!

Nevertheless the strange master was bending with anxious intentness over the sufferer, renewing with skilful and tender hand the applications that cooled the burning wound. Love and gratitude beamed in the eyes of the injured man. It could not have been he who had uttered that piercing cry! The unhappy auctioneer felt his brain was reeling under the unwonted and accumulating terrors of the night. Great as was his dread of his enforced companions, sounds such as these, combined with the vague visions that flitted around him, were to his now alarmed imagination too insupportable to be endured at a distance. Cautiously therefore he drew near the couch, and seated himself in a dusky corner behind the master.

Again the sufferer stirred and feebly moaned. The Unknown rose to administer some calming medicine. As he did so the cloak that covered the wounded man became disarranged, and to Mr. Kitway's horror he perceived that the lower limbs of the unhappy patient were securely strapped to the couch.

This cruel sight completed the almost insane terror of the unfortunate assistant. With clasped hands and streaming eyes he fell at the feet of the mysterious Being whose proceedings appeared to him so dreadful, and in feeble and broken accents entreated to be relieved from further attendance. He asked no pay, only to be permitted to return home.

The Unknown looked at him with a kindness and a compassion rare to so grim a countenance. "Poor fellow," he said with contemptuous pity, "of course you are tired. The dawn has come; you can go. I am indebted to you for the assistance you have given. Take this," he continued, putting some coins into the auctioneer's hand, "as payment for your trouble. But," he added, his face resuming all its wonted

sternness, "remember! Silence, absolute silence as to all you have seen and heard here. To-day is Saturday; return next Saturday and every succeeding Saturday, and you will receive a similar sum; but utter one word, give one hint respecting circumstances that do not concern yourself, and be you where you may, go where you will, rest assured I will cause you to be in far worse plight than was ever my poor servant."

As he spoke, the Unknown fixed his cold, gleaming eyes on trembling Mr. Kitway with so baneful an expression that the knees of the terrified auctioneer fairly knocked together with excess of terror, and his blood seemed to curdle in his veins.

"The day has come," continued the singular Being unlocking the door. "You can depart; but again I warn you. Remember! Silence and discretion!"

Mr. Kitway staggered up the steps, and got into the street more dead than alive.

Towards the east pale pink clouds were floating across the sky. The air, refreshed by the recent storm, came sweet and pure from the distant Surrey hills, bringing with it the delicious perfume of fragrant grass and flowers. Rooks cawed from the higher branches of the trees, while innumerable sparrows twittered from each roof and eave. An imprisoned lark forgot its wearisome captivity, and fluttering eagerly in its little cage poured forth its trilling gushes of song to greet the coming day. The mighty capital still slept, and scarce a chimney sent its smoke to defile the now clean and transparent atmosphere. The morning star still lingered as if loath to bid farewell to earth, although already its radiance was fading in the glory of the rising sun. A subdued murmur, the rumble of heavy waggons, told that in neighbouring markets provisions were already arriving to supply the wants of the great city; but the steady and continued roll made by the laden wains

did but add to the feeling of repose that seemed to rest on all around.

Mr. Kitway, calmed and refreshed by the beauty of so sweet a morning, lingered on the way, not only to enjoy the freshness of the air, but also feeling somewhat reluctant to return to the narrow precincts of Chancery Lane, and there encounter the worrying duties that awaited his arrival at home. Besides, he had been out all night, and he was a little nervous whether even the money that he had brought would condone for so long an absence.

So he lingered, and went by way of Gray's Inn gardens. The gates were not open, but he stopped a moment to look into the cool and verdant glades. What was it that made him start back in sudden affright? He could have sworn that beneath Lord Bacon's celebrated tree, dimly seen amid the shadows cast by its great branches, stood a tall man wrapped in the folds of a heavy cloak, and gazing steadfastly on something red that stained the massive trunk. Could that red be blood?

Slowly the man turned. The basilisk eyes fell full on Mr. Kitway. A hand was raised as if in menace, but the terrified auctioneer saw no more, he staggered back a few paces, stumbled and fell.

When he recovered sufficiently to be able to look again, no figure was there, but the sun had now risen above the houses and was blending all surrounding objects in a flood of golden light.

It was long ere the Unknown's servant was again seen about the neighbourhood. At length he did reappear, but how changed! Wan, pale and emaciated, he was but the ghost of his former self. All fierceness had left his eyes: with gentle kindness he approached those he had formerly shunned; and all remarked that, uncouth and gruesome as were his attempts at speech, the sounds he uttered had now some resemblance to the human voice. He much attached himself to a child

to whom he had brought succour in illness, and the little one with the tender compassion of childhood constituted herself his firm friend. Fearlessly would she run to meet the poor distorted creature, and climbing upon his knee would pat his swarthy cheek with her tiny hand, and look lovingly into his kind, pathetic eyes.

Winter and spring had passed, and now sweet summer had come again, beautiful and bright even in the grimy streets of the great town.

One day early in June the mute came to see the child. The sun shone bright and glad, its warm beams falling full upon the smooth sward, and upon the spreading branches of the old trees in Gray's Inn gardens. Scarce a breeze stirred them, scarce a leaf moved in the restful calm; only across the deep blue sky a few tiny clouds floated serenely onwards. How soft and pure they were in their shadowy whiteness! Surely such are the wings of the angels who bring to earth messages of peace and joy from the great throne above. The trill of birds, the drone of buzzing insects, the wandering butterflies that fluttered to and fro in the warm air, all spoke of peace and even joy. The day was sweet with all of summer's charm; a day that told ofauteous meadows fragrant with perfumed hay, and of the sweet music of running streams.

The afflicted man paused at his little friend's door, and looked around him with sorrowful regret as if bidding farewell to all he saw. He had brought some trifling toys, and he kissed each gift as he gave it to the child. Then he laid his hand upon her hair, that shone in its golden brightness like an aureole of sunshine around the little head, and taking her in his arms looked earnestly into the tiny face. He murmured a few faint sounds, but none were distinct enough to be intelligible, and placing the child upon the ground he kissed once more those sunny curls. When he rose two tears had fallen upon them, but he made no farther attempt

to speak, and with one gesture of farewell he turned away and left her.

The day passed and the fair night came, but in the deep stillness of that night the dreadful cry was heard once more. Again and again it rose, then sank quivering and died away in exhausted agony.

Poor Mr. Kitway well knew the hateful signal that summoned him to his distasteful task. More slowly than strict duty required he was proceeding to his post, but scarcely had he started when he found that from every street and every court excited groups were hurrying towards the fatal house.

On arriving there all was still; no sound indicated that aught was wrong, but popular fury was now fairly aroused. Loudly was admission demanded, and blows fell like hail upon the stout door. At length the pale student forced his way through the angry crowd. "In the name of the Law!" he said, striking the door with his clenched fist. "I demand admittance in the name of the Law! Open, or I bring those who will force an entry, and learn what foul crime is being perpetrated here."

Movements were heard within. A lamp fell; there was the noise of breaking glass. Then the bolts were withdrawn, and the Unknown stood before them. His face was pale as death, his cloak was wrapped around him, and the gleam of an expiring fire glittered on the shining barrel of the pistol he held in his hand.

"Back!" he said. "I suffer no man to force an entrance here. My servant is ill and suffering; I will not permit him to be disturbed. Fools!" he added bitterly, looking with contemptuous anger upon the crowd who had shrunk back at the sight of the loaded weapon, "you fear that you cannot understand, and deem that science can be explained to such as you!"

The student alone had stood his ground. He remained near the door, resolute and also incredulous.

"You wish to know?" continued

the Unknown turning towards the young man. "You wish to judge for yourself? Be it so! Enter, you are welcome," he added with a grim smile.

So saying he unbarred the lower portion of the door, and, permitting the student to enter, closed and locked it again immediately. The darkness, the knowledge of the loaded pistol, combined with the stern voice and harsh looks of its owner, scared the crowd that remained. Gradually it melted away, and ere long the house was again left to its original occupants.

The lamp had been broken, the fire was nearly extinct, and the shadows lay heavily around the large dusky room. By degrees, however, as the student's eyes became accustomed to the gloom he was able to distinguish various objects.

A figure lay extended on an opposite couch. The young man made an eager step towards it, conscious that here was the sufferer he had come to aid, but as he did so the Stranger caught him by the arm.

"Nay," he said, "do not approach too near; my servant is in a critical condition. The slightest agitation might be fatal. In one moment I will procure a light."

As he spoke he replaced and re-lit the lamp. The student started with horror at the scene now displayed before him. On a wooden couch, or rather table, lay the inanimate body of the poor servant, convulsive twitchings of the mouth and eyelids alone showing that life was not extinct. His lower limbs were strapped to the couch on which he was extended, and in his throat was the same large and frightful wound that had been seen before, and again as before the same terrible stream was welling from it, making hideous all on which it flowed.

"Man!" cried the student passionately as this dreadful sight met his eyes, "have you no compassion, no heart, that you are allowing this unhappy wretch to bleed to death?"

Hastily he endeavoured to staunch the deadly stream, but scarcely had he touched the wound than he leaped excitedly to his feet, and throwing himself with his utmost strength upon the Unknown essayed to hurl him to the ground.

"Murderer! Vile wretch!" he shouted. "This is no accident! This is brutal, savage, dastardly murder!"

The man attacked staggered under so unexpected and violent a shock, but in another moment he was as calm, as collected as ever.

"Pshaw!" he said, freeing himself with a strong and rapid wrench from his assailant's grasp. "You are but a fool like the rest. I had imagined *you* had some sense, some power of reasoning. I supposed *you* might possibly understand. However, as you are here, be quiet and helpful. Take these bandages, and aid me in relieving my poor fellow."

Again with skilful hand he dressed the wound, again administered the powerful and reviving draught. Again did the sufferer look with humble, loving eyes into the face of his master, and kissed with grateful tenderness the hand which, if it now tended, must have done the cruel deed.

The student was confounded. The cold glittering eyes of the Unknown were as passionless, the harsh face as impassive as before; but there could be no doubt of the strong affection that existed between master and man. But then,—how account for this terrible, this savage wound?

A surgeon's knife lay near; at hand were other instruments, besides surgical appliances and medicaments of various kinds. Near the couch also was a mysterious, indeed alarming machine, very little known a hundred years ago, but now common enough and well understood as a powerful means of affecting the human system,—namely a galvanic battery, while the open door of a neighbouring cupboard disclosed complicated coils and lines of wire. These wires passing round the

body of the sufferer connected him with the battery. All these mysterious implements to the unlearned eyes of the student savoured much of the supernatural and of the forbidden; but he dared make no inquiries, and soon the patient, relieved from pain, and lulled by a powerful potion, sank into a troubled sleep. His master sat close beside him, watching each symptom with anxious care. After a time the convulsive starts, the feeble moans, ceased, and the sufferer was sleeping calmly.

Then the Unknown arose, and leaving the side of the couch threw himself as if totally exhausted into a chair, and for a short time remained motionless and silent. After a while however he aroused himself, and signing to the student to draw near, looked up. But his now haggard and aged face was that of a man who has passed through a deadly ordeal. The last few hours had done the work of years.

"The poor fellow you see lying there," he said in a deep and hollow voice, "had courage more than most men, and not only courage but love and faith. A danger to which he exposed himself for my sake, and for my sake alone, resulted in a shock so sudden, so terrible, that it deprived him of speech. Circumstances unnecessary to relate," continued the speaker, his dark face darkening still more as he spoke, while an angry frown contracted his brows, "circumstances connected with my early life, or rather death," he pursued grimly, "induced me then to devote myself to the most occult branches of the surgeon's art.

"In the great schools of Padua, Paris and Vienna there are certain students who not only apply themselves to the study of surgery and anatomy in the fashion, and according to the system, adopted by the most celebrated professors in those cities, but who also advocate the theories advanced by the ancient sages of Egypt, Chaldea, and Arabia. These learned men believed that the great principles of life have

intimate and strange analogy with the mighty elements of the Universe. They were convinced that through the tremendous agency of an almost unknown, but essentially vital, principle called Electricity combinations might be obtained, not only marvellous but stupendous in their effects upon Nature, animate as well as inanimate. The lightning that rends the Heavens with its death-dealing bolt is as replete with life as it is with death. Doubtless this mighty agent has power to influence metals buried deep in the bosom of the earth, as well as those upon its surface; but such conjunctions when brought to bear upon the human frame produce results so terrific for evil no less than for good, that few dare venture upon experiments involving such deadly risk. Not only has the strength of this formidable element never been fully understood, but the profound researches of those learned in the art have never been appreciated. They have sought to relieve mankind from some of their many burdens of suffering, and they have been stigmatised as magicians or soothsayers, meriting only the punishments due to those accursed of heaven and of men. Nevertheless it has been to these secret and experimental studies of the surgeon's art that I have devoted myself, although, as I have said, to the vulgar and easily frightened masses the danger that attends such practices and experiments makes their professors objects of fear, and often indeed of hatred. It is now more than two hundred years since I mooted this subject in Paris. That clever *intrigante* Maintenon had talent enough to see what power such knowledge would give its professor, but then the King died and—

"What," cried the student starting up, "do you mean to assert that two hundred years ago you . . ." but even as he spoke he met the cold, steady glance of the Unknown. An icy shiver ran through his veins, he sank back in his chair, cowed and silent. Without noticing the interrup-

tion the Stranger continued, but in a dreamy voice as if speaking to himself.

"Because I possess electrical machines, and the batteries or means by which they operate; because I have endeavoured, and have in some measure succeeded in improving the condition of my poor servant, who loves me and who trusts me, I have been hunted from town to town. No man believes in me; in vain I endeavour to aid the suffering; none will have fellowship with me."

He paused in painful thought, but after a time resumed his discourse.

"By directing the force of electricity upon the spine, by relieving pressure on the brain and on the muscles, whose undue tension impeded utterance, I had already made giant steps towards the faithful fellow's cure. Ere long I am convinced it would have been perfected, but now—now—"

The speaker paused, and his dark face grew yet more sombre as he looked with gloomy, regretful eyes on the pale features of the slumbering patient.

The student made no reply. He remained quiet, watchful, even fearful. Much as he disliked his position, he was unwilling to leave his post until he had seen the end of this strange nocturnal drama. From time to time he cast a furtive glance at the Unknown. At one moment he would fancy the fire of insanity burnt in those deep-set glowing eyes; but hardly had the thought come to him ere it was rejected, for the noble brow, the intellectual head, the skilful hands that tended the patient with such practised care, made him confident he was in the presence of one of those advanced and original thinkers whose knowledge infinitely surpassed that of the ordinary medical practitioners of the day. He was well aware also that such superior knowledge and skill were not unfrequently repaid by base ingratitude and cruel obloquy.

The hours wore slowly on. At intervals the surgeon renewed the



dressings and gave medicines to the sufferer. Even to the unpractised eye of the student it was evident that the remedies employed were marvellously efficacious. The fever gradually subsided. The wound had a perfectly healthy appearance, presenting every prospect of being speedily and thoroughly healed. The patient's sleep had become quiet and restful.

When this result had been attained the Unknown again arose, retrimmed the lamp, and took from a closet various dishes of cold meat, with bread and fruit. He also placed upon the table several long-necked and curiously marked bottles of wine.

"I pray you to honour me by partaking of some food," said this strange being courteously, as he placed the wine and viands before his guest. "You must be fatigued by your long vigil, and it is a rare pleasure to me to eat in the company of others."

The student did not require much pressing. He was both hungry and tired, and did ample justice to the supper that was set before him. Not only were the dishes excellently good, but the wines were of a rare and costly description. Never before had the poor fellow enjoyed so luxurious a repast.

The host meanwhile partook but sparingly of the food he had provided; some bread, a little fruit, and a small quantity of wine was all he allowed himself. Repeatedly, however, did he fill his guest's glasses to the brim, and, his mind being apparently more at ease than it had hitherto been, he discoursed upon a multitude of subjects, displaying such variety and depth of knowledge, such profundity of learning that the student was both dazzled and entranced. How was it, the latter said to himself, that he had for so long a period been near one so exceptionally gifted, so widely learned, and had failed to profit by such a neighbour? For the future he would endeavour to cultivate much friendly intercourse.

"You like that Tokay?" said his

host, seeing that the guest was enjoying with peculiar zest a glass of that costly wine. "It is, I grant, good; but as you are evidently a connoisseur in such matters I have something here which I think you will pronounce infinitely superior even to Imperial Tokay," so saying he produced a short, thick flask containing a rich liqueur whose golden amber had a greenish tinge; even in opening the flask its contents sent forth a delicate aroma most inviting to the senses.

"This," he said, pouring out a large glassful for his wondering visitor, "is perhaps the most precious cordial that is made in Europe. In the lonely convent of the Chartreuse the austere brotherhood of St. Bruno cultivate grapes and herbs from which they extract this generous liquor. The finest sort is sold for its weight in gold, which gold is applied by the brotherhood to deeds of charity, and for the benefit of poorer communities. Not only do the brethren themselves never taste the delicious nectar they manufacture, but the only food they eat is a mass of boiled vegetables, their only drink the water of the mountain stream. From the moment that they pass within the walls of this stern monastery speech, save on occasions of urgent necessity, is forbidden. But peace is there," continued the Unknown dreamily, "a peace that knows no change, for the shadow of death beneath which they dwell never deepens, is never darkened by men's evil passions, and the grave in which they daily dig but opens to them the portals of eternal life."

He paused, for by this time the generous wines, the powerful liqueurs, had begun to affect the senses of the poor student. Compelled by hard necessity to deny himself every luxury, long habituated to the simplest fare, he had never before tasted wine of a flavour so delicate or of a power so subtle. Vain were the faint and impotent struggles he made to keep awake. A few more seconds and his



limbs relaxed, his head fell back ; he slept.

For a moment the Unknown contemplated him with a grim and sarcastic smile. Then advancing close to the sleeper, and gazing at him fixedly with stern intentness, this strange Being made several singular and rapid passes with his hands across the head and face of the unconscious man.

"Sleep, fool," he muttered, "sleep, and dream you have penetrated my secrets !"

He turned away, and again seizing the formidable surgeon's knife, stepped gently towards the couch beside the wall.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was Saturday morning, and on that day Mrs. Mimms was accustomed to visit her clients in Raymond's Buildings. Having attended to her important employers, she then repaired to the humble rooms inhabited by the poor student.

She knocked and knocked, but there was no response. In general the young man rose with the sun. Never before had she found him sleeping at so late an hour. After knocking a few dozen times upon the door with steady, unremitting regularity Mrs. Mimms bethought herself of turning its handle. She did so, but on entering started back in amazement.

"Lor-a-mercy, sir," she ejaculated, "what a turn you've been and give me ! You do look ghastly, sir, to be sure !"

The student started from the sofa on which he had been lying, and stared at her like one distraught. His face was indeed ghastly white, his eyes were sunken and bloodshot, his clothes were stained with wine. He looked like one aroused from some terrible dissipation.

"Where am I ?" he said drowsily, slowly passing his hand over his burning forehead. "I thought I was below with——"

Vainly he endeavoured to recall his scattered senses. The scene he had witnessed the preceding night was too

deeply stamped upon his memory to be easily forgotten. He remembered every circumstance. But how had he returned to his room, and who had brought him ? After swallowing that last fatal glass of wine all things had become blank to him. Bitterly angry with himself for his folly, he dismissed Mrs. Mimms, and hastily dressing proceeded to the basement chambers, determined to obtain from their tenant a full explanation of all that had occurred.

The door was closed, all was quiet within. He knocked again and again, but no answer came to his summons. At length he forced open the door. All was dark, silent, solitary. But he could see that the room was as he had left it on the preceding night. On the table were the bottles of the wine that had lured him into the excess he so deeply regretted. There was the couch on which the injured man had been extended, the chair of the master beside it. But where was that master ? Where was his servant ? The electrical machines had also disappeared ; but on the ground lay a wreck of metal plates and broken wires.

The bewildered student hastened to the upper floor. The door yielded instantly to his touch, but the rooms were vacant. Neither here nor below was there anything to divulge the means by which a man grievously wounded could have been removed with such secrecy and so silently. Long did the young man ponder over the inexplicable proceedings of that night, and vainly did he endeavour to elucidate the mystery. Some years later, however, alterations had to be made in the house occupied by the strange tenant, and it was then discovered that a passage had been excavated that from the basement gave access not only to the gardens, but also to a narrow street beyond the precincts of Gray's Inn. Certain mystic signs also found in the plaster of this underground way gave information to the initiated that the Stranger was a member of one of the modern *Vehm-Gerichte*, or Secret

Societies whose proceedings caused much disquiet to many Continental governments. In these circumstances the student thought it prudent to desist from farther inquiries.

The young man ultimately attained a high position on the Judicial Bench, but even then he never wavered in his opinion that the man he had encountered thus mysteriously was not only gifted with rare intellectual powers, but that he was one of those singular beings who are endowed with an extraordinary spiritual influence,—a potent and subtle influence such as that first brought before the world and practised by the celebrated Mesmer. For the general public, however, the mystery of the Unknown Tenant and his unhappy servant remained unsolved, for never again were they seen in that ill-omened house. Never again were they seen in Raymond's Buildings; but from time to time it was whispered with bated breath that dimly visible beneath the

spreading branches of Lord Bacon's tree in the old gardens appeared the figure of a man closely wrapped in the folds of a heavy cloak. The face was hidden, but the extended hand pointed with menacing gesture to a dark and crimson stain that formed an ugly blot amidst the leafy shadows. Woe to him to whom this vision came, for trouble was near at hand!

After a prudent interval of silence Mr. Kitway ventured to relate his own experiences. At first his tale was well received, but familiarity bred the inevitable result, and Mr. Kitway's friends became incredulous. However, the good little man increased and prospered; that is to say his family increased and his business prospered; nor did the gold pieces he had received from the Mysterious Unknown turn into dry leaves or bits of charcoal, as they must inevitably have done had they come direct from the Evil One himself.

ANDRÉE HOPE.

## OUR NEW POLITICAL SYSTEM.

POLITICS are a mesmerism, perhaps a muddle. Men are moved by a person, or a party, or a passion; and not until the first is dead, the second is defeated, or the third has been exhausted, can they see a tendency, or understand the direction in which they have been moving. Hence it is that the new in dress, in literature, or in art, always obtains recognition sooner than the new in politics. Men who ought to know better, say there is nothing new in politics,—and they claim to be Radicals. Others are always on the alert for the new, and they claim to be Conservatives. The individual politician, in fine, is a blind billiard ball until the period of change is over or the historian can interpret it for him, and then he discovers that he was in reality a Conservative when he most loudly proclaimed himself to be a Liberal, or that he took part in a revolution when he thought he was marching safely along the ancient ways.

At the present moment we are living in the middle of a new political system, and few persons seem to be aware of it. Men are bewildered, full of pessimism, concreting themselves into organisations, groping after salvation by the Caucus or the Constitution, as if everything were in flux and darkness. An Englishman touched with politics is madly afraid of a generalisation. He leaves that to Frenchmen, with the pathetic remark that it ends in the Emperor or the Red Revolution. He goes muddling on, first under one kind of mesmerism, and then under another. In the days before 1832 he failed to understand that he was the toy, if not the victim, of a number of ruling families. The feudal system had gone with the feudal monarch, but the territorial families remained.

After 1832, when the House of Commons had been rescued from the grasp of these families under the disguise of enfranchising the people, he was just as little conscious that the play of political parties was in reality a struggle for equalisation between towns and counties, a rivalry of commerce and agriculture in which the former succeeded in getting the ascendancy. Household suffrage gave the towns complete political ascendancy in 1868, thanks to Conservative initiative; but in 1885, without quite understanding the full effect of what they were doing, the Liberals destroyed this ascendancy by lifting up the county householder to the same level, and putting the topstone on the new political system as yet wholly unrecognised by either side.

Political parties were never more active than they are now. The struggle is keen, the excitement intense, the speculation wild. Yet Party, as such, is dead. This is a paradox, but it is none the less true. Party rages, but rages in vain. We are in the middle of a new political system, and yet we do not recognise it. Each party strives to regain the dominion common between 1867 and 1832, and still more marked between 1832 and 1688, and each party fails. There is organisation and counter-organisation. Caucus and League exist side by side without accomplishing the restoration desired. Immense efforts are made to avert what is apparently inevitable. Yet for twenty years we have been living under the sway of the new system, and it has suffered no serious break. What had at first the appearance of an erratic oscillation has settled down into a steady rhythm, a constant ebb and flow. The Liberal rule from 1868 to 1874 is succeeded by an equal

period of Conservative rule ; and then we have Liberal rule again, a new enfranchisement, an entirely new crisis, an interregnum, to be followed by Conservative rule again.

What do these events teach us? That the old party ascendencies are gone, and that under one uniform suffrage we have entered upon a period of regularly alternating ministries, which is likely to last for some considerable time. The nation wants to be just. The two parties have adherents in the middle and the upper classes, and some slight, but by no means fixed and certain, hold upon the masses of the working class. To-day the mass of working-class voters combines with the majority of the middle-class, and we have a period of Liberal rule ; to-morrow it combines with the upper-classes and the minority of the middle-class, and then we have a period of Conservative rule. We are thus saved from the worst effects of party politics, and we obtain the best results of the keenness and activity they promote. The facts cannot be disputed. Up to 1885 the rhythm was perfect. The amalgamation of Conservatives and Parnellites nearly gave a working majority. It succeeded in the boroughs, but was checked by the newly-enfranchised and newly distributed voters in the counties. When the disturbing effect of this enfranchisement ceased, as it did in 1886, the old rhythm was restored. We can now detect indications of its influence the other way. The formula, "as in 1885," greatly amuses some people, but it is only a sectional view which straightens itself into proper perspective under a greater formula, namely as in 1868, as in 1874, as in 1880. There will be a Liberal reaction presently, no doubt, but it will not be ascendancy. It will be as surely followed by Conservative rule, as the period between 1868 and 1874 was so followed, to be succeeded in its turn by another term of Liberal rule. That, indeed, is the new system. An enfranchised nation saves us from the evils of Party. It gives us regularly

alternating ministries, and it will continue so to do until we pass into another phase of our political history, which will not be yet awhile, when the determining force in these alternations is strong enough, united enough, and inspired enough, to become a majority of its own.

We may put the matter in a less naked form. For example, we might say that we have two forces in current politics,—enthusiasm and criticism. The former makes a majority ; the latter destroys it. The process is again repeated. Enthusiasm for a leader or a party is generated, and it overwhelms. Action cools it. Mistakes are made, hopes are unfulfilled, criticism is active. We are all cynics in these competitive times. Where argument cannot demolish, humour kills. Things which are not excite the imagination. Existing things invite analysis and censure. We pull down with one hand, and begin to build up with the other. Heroes of the platform are often dunces in office, and so we make a change, and the same process is repeated. There is ebb and flow. In the old days of party ascendencies compacts were made in drawing-rooms and at dinner-tables. The people had little real power ; where they had such power they followed and would not lead, because they were not sufficiently enfranchised. But now all our government goes on under the eyes of the public. Debates are read, actions are judged, men are measured, policies are sifted, results are appreciated.

A good many things have brought about this alternating movement, and transformed it into a system. The English mind is essentially fair. It will insist upon fair-play, as much in politics as in prize-fighting. Of late this spirit has become more marked because the older differences between the two political parties have disappeared, or have been greatly modified. We have seen Conservatives elected for our large manufacturing towns, and Liberals returned for agricultural

divisions. It has not been always easy to distinguish between the programmes of party rivals. So many reforms have been made by the Conservatives that it is no longer quite fair to describe them in the old phrases. They take up and carry out measures partly sketched, or temporarily abandoned, by their opponents. There are some things they can accomplish better, or at any rate with less friction, than their opponents, owing to their strength in the House of Lords. On the other hand the Liberals seem afraid at times of the operative classes, and fail to attract them, or they spend their strength in one or two directions when more is expected of them. They are bound to remember their middle-class supporters, and they are at times by no means free from whims and bursts of almost impossible purism. Hence it comes about that the masses of the voters remain in a condition of detachment and observation, seeing the chance of getting almost as much from the Conservatives as from the Liberals. They desire to keep each party in a more or less suppliant attitude, believing that to be a better policy than enthroning a single party in a proud and established position. Their votes are eagerly bid for, new programmes make their appearance, the defects of one side are clearly pointed out by the other, and it has hitherto paid the masses of the voters to steadily support the alternate plan. They get reforms quicker,—at least they think so—and, at any rate, they compel politicians to maintain much closer relations with them than have prevailed before in our political history.

The great organisations fail to prevent this alternation. They aim at doing so, and they might succeed but for some of the considerations already touched upon. The large masses of the electorate retain open minds. They hold aloof from settled organisations. They are not always true to their own small leagues and unions. If they were captured, we might have a long period of party dominance. But there

are so many interests and needs, new questions are so constantly coming up, and independent opinion is so strong in newspapers and in the more educated sections of all classes, that uniformity of action, belief, and aspiration is well nigh impossible. One side will toy with a question, while the other boldly commits itself to specific views and promises. In these ways organisation fails to avert the more widely diffused tendency to change of political voting, and merely accentuates it when the change is beginning. But organisation keeps the two parties on even terms towards the mass of unorganised opinion, and it is, in this way, a blind agent in assisting the alternating tendency because it ensures a due and forcible presentation of each aspect of any accomplished or projected reform, the negative and the positive, the defects and the advantages.

The public benefits of the new political system are very considerable. Our public life is much more interesting than it would be under the plan of party ascendancy. All classes can be attracted. There is always something fresh. Legislation is less one-sided. Each section of the community can ensure attention to its fair claims, and can always make its voice heard, sooner or later, in case any temporary injury should be done to its interests either by intention or by carelessness. The rivalry of the two parties is more healthy, and, as the new political system is better understood and so accepted among us, it will become less bitter. The effort to restore the old ascendancy accounts for much that is so distasteful to moderate minds in current political life, but, when it is clearly seen that it cannot be restored, there will be better humour and a more catholic spirit. The classes which now fear political ostracism or extinction will take a lively but less intensely personal interest in party-fights, and optimism will prevail where pessimism now reigns supreme.

Oscillations are only dangerous where there is a great dissimilarity

in the two extremes. As we have seen, this is disappearing, and it must in the future become even more difficult to detect fundamental differences, even though we retain old titles and watchwords. Upon a most important point there is now much less danger than there was when an active body like the Manchester School was in existence; namely, foreign policy. We may fairly hope that a continuous foreign policy is now assured. Breaks and spurts are much to be deprecated, and the penalty we have to pay for them is obvious. With any sort of certainty that a Ministry will go out after a few years of office, changes and aberrations will be much less likely, and criticism will be more guarded than it was between 1870 and 1884. Moreover, oscillations which simply lead to the immediate remedy for defects of policy, foreign or domestic, cannot be hurtful to the commonwealth. Tentative and cautious legislation is far more likely to follow them than bold and random efforts, made with a temporary majority and in order to sustain a party in office. If the alternate system were less settled than it seems likely to be in the immediate future, there might be risky attempts to overthrow it in this fashion, but, with the moderating spirit to be expected from the new system they cannot be fairly apprehended, and a quicker nemesis would result.

The long ascendancy of any one political party is injurious to effective administration. It trains one side only in public work. The Opposition can only set theory against practice. Young members become careless if they cannot hope to obtain minor appointments in a government. Criticism of details becomes ineffective, administrators are not sufficiently careful, and public interests suffer. Fairly frequent changes are useful in maintaining a good standard of official knowledge, and in educating Ministers in the miscellaneous work of departments. There is always clumsiness

when a long term of opposition ends in office, and round men are put into square holes and *vice versâ*. The double danger of over-legislation and the mere making of things generally pleasant, attends the system of party-ascendency, or questions get tabooed, as parliamentary reform was burked under Lord Palmerston's rule. Change, —if it came not too quickly,—would be a boon; and, to allow for the free rule of the alternate system, all attempts at repealing the Septennial Act should be resisted. Events have settled themselves into a system, and that system should be permitted to have a natural continuance. It was not made: it developed out of mixed conditions; and it should not be touched by a revolutionary proceeding in the interests of a system which has departed with equalising enfranchisement.

It is safer for the country to have the new system than the old one. It has been trying itself for twenty years, and it has had great success in legislative achievements, in improved administration, in better finance. Those twenty years will compare favourably with any other like period in our history under the former plan of political rule. It is seen that we have in our household-suffrage voters a reserve of patriotism instead of a revolutionary element. The non-party men, though the least educated politically, have shown sagacity and prescience. They checked Liberalism when it became crude, hasty, and careless of respected traditions. They pulled up Conservatism sharply when it mistook Jingoism for a spirited foreign policy. They quickly resented a constitutional innovation which had not been sufficiently discussed in 1886, just as they warmly adopted a policy of disestablishment in 1868, which was simply waiting for its hour and man. These are qualities which entitle the non-party politicians, who are just now master of England's destinies, to our respect and admiration. If they make mistakes, they speedily correct them, without



loss of power or of consistency. They have no real leaders, but they are always willing to be led. They may be ignorant, but they do not despise enlightenment. They are jurymen, not politicians.

Our generalisation,—for such it really is,—has the merit of throwing light upon the past and the future. Without it, the period since 1868 seems marked by ingratitude, confusion, and cross-purposes. With it, all is clear behind and less dark ahead. The people have had to express their wishes in a new way, and the result is a new political system,—a movement intelligible only in the light of our interpretation. The future need not trouble us greatly when we perceive a desire to be just and fair, to make experiments and to chastise, outside the ordinary play and hatred of political party. “You have been good critics; now try *your* hands,” is a verdict surely as good for Liberals as it is for Tories, when we have the fair presumption that the same judgment is to be awarded to each party in turn. The English party system has been hitherto regarded as almost perfect,—nay, as having a kind of divineness about it. Coming in and going out, leaving skilful permanent officials behind, it has been lauded as if it were unalterable and inevitable. The new sanction of the householder declares it to be inevitable, but adds to that decision a new rhythm. “In turn, if you please, gentlemen,” is the latest message of the British electorate. We must needs accept what we have no visible power to alter. A possible break may occur during the next ten years, but it will most likely be followed by a quick return to the alternate system.

We have hinted that the new system will exist until such time as the mass of working-class voters naturally organise into a distinct party. No

signs of this solidarity on general questions are apparent. But it will mean, whenever it should come, a Democracy pure and simple, untempered as now by alternations of party Liberalism and party Conservatism. No one whispers hints of this enormous change, and it is not likely to arrive at all if the leaders of the two existing parties continue, as now, to make moderate and well-considered advances for the betterment of the toiling millions. Moreover, the ambition for leadership in the Government has never affected English as it has tormented French artisans. Power is desired, but in the form of voting and discussion, not in the handling of the actual reins. Had there been any tendency to positive rule, it would have come out before now, and in overwhelming pressure upon one party in our politics. The Monarchy is incompatible with a pure Democracy, and it is no danger that we can see. But the House of Lords might be changed, and the Church be disestablished, without any overthrow of the alternate system. Conscious of their reserve power, the people could afford to dispense with the former, and to change the latter. No other great changes are in the near future. In fine, the new system promises us variety and bustle, as well as continuity and peace. We can afford to be placid because we know the worst. Neither one-man nor one-party rule will trouble us. Every kind of thought and ability will have fair play. Every freak and absurdity will be checked in time. The security of our politics will be in their change, and not in their rigid stability. Liberals and Conservatives will be with us, but the mass of the voters will not permanently attach themselves to either party, but will act as a national conscience in giving them fair play under the New Political System.

## CHAPTERS FROM SOME UNWRITTEN MEMOIRS.

## V. MY WITCHES' CALDRON.

## II.

I AM suddenly conscious as I write that my experiences are very partial ; a witch's caldron must needs after all contain heterogeneous scraps, and mine, alas ! can be no exception to the rest. It produces nothing more valuable than odds and ends happily harmless enough, neither sweltered venom nor fillet of finny snake, but the back of one great man's head, the hat and umbrella of another. The first time I ever saw Mr. Gladstone I only saw the soles of his boots. A friend had taken me into the ventilator of the House of Commons, where we listened to a noble speech and watched the two shadows on the grating overhead of the feet of the messenger of glad tidings. One special *back* I cannot refrain from writing down, in a dark blue frock coat and strapped trousers, walking leisurely before us up Piccadilly. The sun is shining, and an odd sort of brass buckle which fastens an old-fashioned stock, flashes like a star. "Do look!" I say to my father. "Who is that old gentleman?" "That old gentleman! Why, that is the Duke of Wellington," said my father. On another occasion I remember some one coming up to us and beginning to talk very charmingly, and among other things describing some new lord mayor who had been in state to a theatrical performance, by which it seemed he had been much affected. "I cried, I do assure you," the lord mayor had said, "and as for the lady mayoress, she cry too;" and the gentleman smiled and told the little story so dryly and drolly that my sister and I couldn't help laughing, and we went on repeating to one

another afterwards, "As for the lady mayoress, she cry too." And then as usual we asked who was that. "Don't you know Lord Palmerston by sight?" says my father.

I have a friend who declares that Fate is a humorist, linking us all together by strangest whims, even by broad jokes at times; and this one vague little humour of the weeping lady mayoress is my one personal link with the great Whig administrator of the last generation.

Another miscellaneous apparition out of my caldron rises before me as I write. On a certain day we went to call at Mrs. Procter's with our father. We found an old man standing in the middle of the room, taking leave of his hostess, nodding his head—he was a little like a Chinese mandarin with an ivory face. His expression never changed but seemed quite fixed. He knew my father and spoke to him and to us too, still in this odd fixed way. Then he looked at my sister. "My little girl," he said to her, "will you come and live with me? You shall be as happy as the day is long, you shall have a white pony to ride, and feed upon red-currant jelly." This prospect was so alarming and unexpected that the poor little girl suddenly blushed up and burst into tears. The old man was Mr. Samuel Rogers, but happily he did not see her cry, for he was already on his way to the door.

My father was very fond of going to the play, and he used to take us when we were children, one on each side of him, in a hansom. He used to take us to the opera too, which was less of a treat. Magnificent envelopes, with unicorns and heraldic emblazonments, used to come very constantly, con-

taining tickets and boxes for the opera. In those days we thought everybody had boxes for the opera as a matter of course. We used to be installed in the front places with our chins resting on the velvet ledges of the box. For a time it used to be very delightful, then sometimes I used suddenly to wake up to find the singing still going on and on as in a dream. I can still see Lablache, a huge reverberating mountain, a sort of Olympus, thundering forth glorious sounds, and addressing deep resounding notes to what seemed to me then a sort of fairy in white. She stood on tiny feet, she put up a delicate finger and sent forth a sweet vibration of song in answer, sweeter, shriller, more charming every instant. Did she fly right up into the air, or was it my own head that came down with a sleepy nod? I slept, I awoke; and each time I was conscious of this exquisite floating ripple of music flowing in and out of my dreams. The singer was Mademoiselle Sontag; it was the *Elisire*, or some such opera, overflowing like a lark's carol. All the great golden house applauded; my father applauded. I longed to hear more, but in vain I struggled, I only slumbered again, waking from minute to minute to see the lovely little lady in white still standing there, still pouring forth her melody to the thousand lights and people. I find when I consult my faithful *confidante* and sympathiser in these small memories of what is now so nearly forgotten, that I am not alone in my admiring impressions of this charming person. My *confidante* is the *Biographie Générale*, where I find an account, no sleepy visionary impression, such as my own, but a very definite and charming portrait of the bright fairy of my dreams, of Mademoiselle Sontag, Comtesse Rossi, who came to London in 1849:—"On remarquait surtout la limpidité de ses gammes chromatiques et l'éclat de ses trilles . . . Et toutes ces merveilles s'accomplissaient avec une grâce parfaite, sans que le regard fût jamais attristé par le moindre

effort. La figure charmante de Mademoiselle Sontag, ses beaux yeux bleus, limpides et doux, ses formes élégantes, sa taille élancée et souple achevaient le tableau et complétaient l'enchantement."

It seems sad to have enjoyed this delightful performance only in one's dreams, but in the humiliating circumstances, when the whole world was heaving and struggling to hear the great singer of the North, and when the usual box arrived for the *Figlia del Reggimento*, my grandmother, who was with us, invited two friends of her own, grown up and accustomed to keep awake, and my sister and I were not taken. We were not disappointed, we *imagined* the songs for ourselves as children do. We gathered all our verbenas and geraniums for a nosegay and gave it to our guests to carry, and watched the carriage roll off in the twilight with wild hopes, unexpressed, that perhaps the flowers would be cast upon the stage at the feet of the great singer. But though the flowers returned home much crushed and dilapidated, and though we did not hear the song, it was a reality for me until a day long years after, when I heard that stately and glorious voice flashing into my darkness with a shock of amazement never to be forgotten, and then realised how futile an imagination may be.

Alas! I never possessed a note of music of my own, though I have cared for it in a patient, unrequited way all my life long. My father always loved music and understood it too; he knew his opera tunes by heart. I have always liked the little story of his landing with his companions at Malta on his way to the East, and as no one of the company happened to speak Italian he was able to interpret for the whole party by humming the lines from various operas, "'Un biglietto—Eccolo quà,'" says my father to the man from the shore, "'Lascé darem' la mano,'" and he helped Lady T. up the gangway, and so on. He used sometimes

to bring Mr. Ella home to dine with him, and he liked to hear his interesting talk about music. Through Mr. Ella's kindness the doors of the Musical Union flew open wide to us, and it was there I first heard Dr. Joseph Joachim play. Yesterday, when I listened to the familiar happy stream flowing once more before the crowding listeners, I could only marvel with wondering gratitude that such a strain should have accompanied the opera of one's long life in all its varying scenes and combinations.

My father used to write in his study at the back of the house in Young Street. The vine shaded his two windows, which looked out upon the bit of garden, and the medlar tree, and the Spanish jessamines of which the yellow flowers scented our old brick walls. I can remember the tortoise belonging to the boys next door crawling along the top of the wall and making its way between the jessamine sprigs. Jessamines won't grow now any more, as they did then, in the gardens of Kensington, nor will medlars and vine trees take root and spread their green branches; only herbs and bulbs, such as lilies and Solomon seals, seem to flourish, though I have a faint hope that all the things people put in will come up all right some centuries hence, when London is resting and at peace, and has turned into the grass-grown ruin one so often hears described. Our garden was not tidy (though on one grand occasion a man came to mow the grass) but it was full of sweet things. There were verbenas—red, blue, and scented; and there were lovely stacks of flags, blades of green with purple heads between, and bunches of London Pride growing luxuriantly; and there were some blush roses at the end of the garden which were not always quite eaten up by the caterpillars. Lady Duff Gordon came to stay with us once (it was on that occasion, I think, that the grass was mowed) and she afterwards sent us some doves, which used to hang high up in a wicker cage from the windows of the schoolroom. The

top schoolroom was over my father's bedroom, and the bedroom was over the study where he used to write. I liked the top schoolroom the best of all the rooms in the dear old house, the sky was in it and the evening bells used to ring into it across the garden, and seemed to come in dancing and clanging with the sunset; and the floor sloped so, that if you put down a ball it would roll in a leisurely way right across the room of its own accord. And then there was a mystery—a small trap-door between the windows which we never could open. Where did not that trap-door lead to! It was the gateway of Paradise, of many paradises to us. We kept our dolls, our bricks, our books, our baby-houses in the top room, and most of our stupid little fancies. My little sister had a menagerie of snails and flies in the sunny window-sill; these latter chiefly invalids rescued out of milk-jugs, lay upon rose-leaves in various little pots and receptacles. She was very fond of animals, and so was my father—at least he always liked *our* animals. Now, looking back, I am full of wonder at the number of cats we were allowed to keep, though De la Pluche, the butler, and Gray, the housekeeper, waged war against them. The cats used to come to us from the garden, for then, as now, the open spaces of Kensington abounded in fauna. My sister used to adopt and christen them all in turn by the names of her favourite heroes; she had Nicholas Nickleby, a huge grey tabby, and Martin Chuzzlewit and a poor little half-starved Barnaby Rudge, and many others. Their saucers used to be placed in a row on the little terrace at the back of my father's study, under the vine where the sour green grapes grew—not at all out of reach; and at the farther end of which was an empty greenhouse ornamented by the busts of my father as a boy, and of a relation in a military cloak.

One of my friends—she never lived to be an old woman—used to laugh and say that she had reached the time

of life when she loved to see even the people her parents had particularly disliked, just for the sake of old times. I don't know how I should feel if I were to meet one agreeable, cordial gentleman, who used to come on horseback and invite us to all sorts of dazzling treats and entertainments which, to our great disappointment, my father invariably refused, saying "No, I don't like him, I don't want to have anything to do with him." The wretched man fully justified these objections by getting himself transported long after for a protracted course of peculiarly deliberate and cold-blooded fraud. On one occasion a friend told me he was talking to my father, and mentioning some one in good repute at the time, and my father incidentally spoke as if he knew of a murder that person had committed. "You know it then!" said the other man. "Who could have told you?" My father had never been told, but he had known it all along, he said; and indeed he sometimes spoke of this curious feeling he had about people at times, as if uncomfortable facts in their past history were actually revealed to him. At the same time I do not think anybody had a greater enjoyment than he in other people's goodness and well-doing; he used to be proud of a boy's prizes at school, he used to be proud of a woman's sweet voice or of her success in housekeeping. He had a friend in the Victoria Road hard by whose delightful household ways he used to describe, and I can still hear the lady he called "Jingleby" warbling "O du schöne Müllerin," to his great delight. Any generous thing or word seemed like something happening to himself. How proudly he used to tell the story of his old friend Mr. F., of the Garrick, who gave up half a fortune as a matter of course, because he thought it right to do so, and how he used to be stirred by a piece of fine work. I can remember, when *David Copperfield* came out, hearing him saying to my grandmother that "little Em'ly's letter to old Peggotty was a masterpiece." I wondered to

hear him at the time for that was not at all the part I cared for most, nor indeed could I imagine how little Em'ly ever was so stupid as to run away from Peggotty's enchanted house-boat. But we each and all enjoyed in turn our share of those thin green books full of delicious things, and how glad we were when they came to our youthful portion at last, after our elders and our governess and our butler had read them.

It is curious to me now to remember, considering how little we met and what a long way off they lived, what an important part the Dickens household played in our childhood. But those books were as much a part of our home as our own father's.

Certainly the Dickens children's parties were shining facts in our early London days—nothing came near them. There were other parties and they were very nice, but nothing to compare to these; not nearly so light, not nearly so shining, not nearly so going round and round. Perhaps—so dear K.P. suggests—it was not all as brilliantly wonderful as I imagined it, but most assuredly the spirit of mirth and kindly jollity was a reality to every one present, and the master of the house had that wondrous fairy gift of leadership. I know not what to call that power by which he inspired every one with spirit and interest. One special party I remember, which seemed to me to go on for years with its kind, gay hospitality, its music, its streams of children passing and re-passing. We were a little shy coming in alone in all the consciousness of new shoes and ribbons, but Mrs. Dickens called us to sit beside her till the long sweeping dance was over, and talked to us as if we were grown up, which is always flattering to little girls. Then Miss Hogarth found us partners, and we too formed part of the throng. I remember watching the white satin shoes and long flowing white sashes of the little Dickens girls, who were just about our own age, but how much more

graceful and beautifully dressed. Our sashes were bright plaids of red and blue (tributes from one of our father's admirers.—Is it ungrateful to confess now after all these years that we could not bear them?), our shoes were only bronze. Shall I also own to this passing shadow, even in all that radiance? But when people are once dancing they are all equal again and happy. Somehow after the music we all floated into a long supper room, and I found myself sitting near the head of the table by Mr. Dickens, with another little girl much younger than myself; she wore a necklace and pretty little sausage curls all round her head. Mr. Dickens was very kind to the little girl, and presently I heard him persuading her to sing, and he put his arm round her to encourage her; and then, wonderful to say, the little girl stood up (she was little Miss Hullah) and began very shyly, trembling and blushing at first, but as she blushed and trembled she sang more and more sweetly; and then all the *jeunesse dorée*, consisting of the little Dickens' boys and their friends, ranged along the supper table, clapped and clapped, and Mr. Dickens bent down to her smiling and thanking her. And then he made a little speech, with one hand on the table; I think it was thanking the *jeunesse dorée* for their applause, and they again

clapped and laughed—but here my memory fails me and everything grows very vague and like a dream.

Only this much I do remember very clearly, that we had danced and supped and danced again, and that we were all standing in a hall lighted and hung with bunches of Christmas green, and, as I have said, everything seemed altogether magnificent and important, more magnificent and important every minute, for as the evening went on, more and more people kept arriving. The hall was crowded, and the broad staircase was lined with little boys—thousands of little boys whose heads and legs and arms were waving about together. They were making a great noise, and talking and shouting, and the eldest son of the house seemed to be marshalling them. Presently their noise became a cheer, and then another, and we looked up and saw that our own father had come to fetch us, and that his white head was there above the others; then came a third final ringing cheer, and some one went up to him — it was Mr. Dickens himself—and laughed and said quickly, "That is for you!" and my father looked up surprised, pleased, touched, settled his spectacles and nodded gravely to the little boys.

ANNE RITCHIE.



## A STUDY OF NELSON.

A VARIETY of causes has lately drawn the attention of Englishmen to the career of Nelson. We inherit the traditions of the Nile and Trafalgar; but thinking people have been long convinced that these memories of glory, though a noble possession, may become worse than useless if our naval strength is not kept up to the requirements of the age, and if the leaders of our fleets have not thoroughly grasped the problems of naval tactics and strategy which have come into being since the Great War. The conditions of warfare at sea have been immensely changed. England remains the first of maritime powers; but her world-wide commerce has been quadrupled, and it is more exposed than it has ever been. She is fed from abroad like Imperial Rome. France would be a very different naval foe from what she was in Nelson's day. If the fleet of Spain is of little account, that of Russia has very largely increased, and Germany and Italy have now real navies. It is at least questionable if we could confront a coalition of maritime states as we did in 1780 and 1801. Meanwhile material inventions have wholly transformed the character and qualities of modern navies. Steam, electricity, huge rifled ordnance, and armour plating have made the ship of war of 1890 as completely different from the ship of war of 1790, as that was from a Roman trireme; and this wonderful revolution has made the subject of the defence of our shores and the protection of our trade, of blockades, of single actions, and of battles at sea, and generally of naval tactics and strategy, of peculiar interest to reflecting Englishmen. In the changes which have been wrought in naval affairs shallow people may imagine that nothing is to be learned from a review of our triumphs at sea

in the past. As soldiers are to be found who deny that useful lessons can be obtained from studying the campaigns of Napoleon, and who say that military history begins with Moltke, so sailors exist who assert that our naval annals before the era of steam are an old almanack, an unprofitable, nay, a pernicious dead letter. Yet in the art of war, as in other arts, mind controls, shapes, and informs matter. In the conflict of armed masses, whether at sea or on land, mechanical appliances being nearly equal, superior energy and discipline always prevail; and it would be strange indeed if under the new conditions a Celtic or a Slavonic race should conquer the Teuton in his own element. These truths have not been lost on thinking men. The naval manœuvres of the last few years have given the whole subject an ever-growing interest; and though the public mind has not nearly realised many problems of modern war at sea, it has instinctively turned to the career of Nelson, the most illustrious of our great admirals, as exhibiting in the highest perfection what has been achieved in the past by our fleets, and indicating perhaps what is at present possible. The fact is proved by the many biographies of the Mighty Seaman which have appeared of late, and perhaps most clearly by the very able criticisms made recently on his heroic exploits. We shall add our mite to these contributions, premising merely that the real character of Nelson and his true place in history are not to be found in books of our tongue; they must be collected from his despatches; and indeed the only good estimate of what he was is from the pen of an accomplished Frenchman, the veteran and well-informed De La Gravière. We think too, that if the career of

Nelson throws real light on important problems connected with modern naval warfare, it illustrates some less strikingly than those of other commanders of less renown, Collingwood, for example, Howe, and St. Vincent.

In a sketch of this kind we must pass over the incidents of the life of Nelson and consider him only as a great commander. The most distinctive, perhaps, of his mental gifts, was that he understood infinitely better than any of our chiefs the existing conditions of naval warfare in the long contest waged between England and France, with the occasional aid of Spain, from the First of June to Trafalgar. One of the secrets, at least, of Napoleon's triumphs, in the first stages of his marvellous career, was that he had the insight to see that the progress of husbandry and the multiplication of roads enabled an army to live on resources found on the spot, and to move with a quickness before unknown; his grasp of these facts was a main cause of his extraordinary success in the campaign of Italy. The perception of Nelson was of a different kind, but it was attended with like results, and it contributed largely to his most splendid exploits. Though on the whole inferior to that of England in the war which created the United States, the navy of France, and even that of Spain, was not an infinitely weaker force. The belligerent powers were not ill-matched: D'Estaing contended on equal terms with Byron; and if Rodney overcame De Grasse, Suffrein certainly far surpassed Hughes, and was indeed the foremost seaman of his time. But the Revolution immensely diminished the naval strength and resources of France; it deprived her of all her best admirals and of half probably of her trained sea officers; it introduced dilapidation and waste into her dockyards, arsenals, and chief ports; above all, it infected her whole naval service with the indiscipline and lawlessness of Jacobin teaching. On the other hand the corrupt despotism of Spain had fatally

impaired her fleets; the imbecile successor of Charles III. completely neglected a once fine navy; Spanish admirals and captains owed advancement to favouritism, intrigue, and not to merit; and Spanish ships were manned by a set of sailors, described by the unfortunate Villeneuve as "a miserable assemblage of landmen and conscripts, unfit for anything." It was a characteristic peculiar to Nelson that almost alone of English chiefs, and in a much higher degree than any, he perfectly appreciated the enormous difference between a French and Spanish fleet in 1780, and a French and Spanish fleet twenty years later. And though our own navy had faults of its own—the Mutiny of the *Nore* is sufficient proof—he thoroughly understood that it had acquired an incalculable superiority in officers and men, and in all that constitutes power at sea, over navies commanded by third-rate chiefs, over ships worked by unskilled captains and filled with crews "of lawless and riotous Frenchmen," and of "Spaniards who could not climb up the rigging." This insight was an inspiration with him; and his complete mastery of the conditions of the war was a chief cause of his wonderful triumphs. Howe edges up towards Villaret on the First of June, because he has still respect for a French fleet: Calder fights a poor and indecisive action, because he doubts that fifteen British ships can cope with a French and Spanish squadron of twenty. But Nelson knows that a British naval force is incomparably superior to any of its foes. After a chase from the Straits across the Atlantic, he literally hunts Villeneuve out of the West Indies with eleven ships of the line against twenty. On the day of Trafalgar he bears directly down in double column and a light breeze on a much more numerous fleet in line,—tactics not to be justified in mere theory, but, as affairs stood, a real inspiration of genius, because owing to their proved ascendancy they practically ensured the success of our arms.

Independently of the master faculty of understanding the conditions of the war, Nelson possessed the quality of supreme seamanship. His professional skill has never been surpassed; it may be doubted if it has been equalled; and this was due not only to inborn genius, but also in a great degree to experience. It has not been sufficiently noticed that before he commanded a ship of war he had passed through a most severe apprenticeship. He had been in the Polar seas and in the Indian Ocean, and he had stood before the mast in the Merchant Service. He informs us that he spent months in making himself an accomplished pilot; and the knowledge stood him in stead on two great occasions. No admiral certainly of his day would have ventured to steer the British fleet in shore of the French at the battle of the Nile, and so to place it between two fires. It has been said that Foley devised the movement, but the celebrated expression that a British ship could anchor in the space where a French ship could swing, seems to prove that Nelson was the real author. No less admirable was his skill as a pilot in the famous attack on Copenhagen; but for his comprehension of the nature of the shoals, half of his fleet probably would have been stranded and overwhelmed by the Danish batteries. In almost every phase of his splendid career Nelson gave proof of the same powers as a seaman. Curiously enough he commanded a brig while still in his teens; and he completely justified his superior's remark, that he trusted "the youngster as though he was an old captain." The action of the *Agamemnon* with the *Ca Ira* is another striking instance of this gift. The unfortunate Frenchman never had a chance, and was utterly crippled by his nimble foe, as Drake crippled the "huge castles" of Spain. It is scarcely necessary to dwell on the wonderful chase of Brueys, and of the ill-fated Villeneuve, still less to notice the astonishing fact, that Nelson maintained the blockade of Toulon for a period never before known, and that

he gained days on Villeneuve in his Atlantic flight; this was seamanship in the extreme of perfection. It should be observed too, that although Nelson was the most daring and brilliant of chiefs, he showed an attention to minute details, and to everything that made his squadrons safe, that was in the highest degree admirable. He could drive his ships through a narrow passage never since traversed by men of war, but he was specially jealous of his masts and yards. He took care to anchor by the stern at the Nile—a precaution that saved many British lives. He bore down on Brueys and again on Villeneuve having first made it certain that every British ship would be able to distinguish friend from foe. His vessels never blew up like the *Achille* and the *Orient*, still less attacked each other like the Spanish first-rates which perished in the Bay of Algeiras.

Gifts however in a chief which depend on intellect are less valuable than moral qualities; "talent" said Napoleon, "is not a match for real strength of character." The excellence of Nelson is not less conspicuous if we consider him on this side of his nature. He was the most daring perhaps of commanders, "the Suvorof," as he has been called, "of the deep, who destroyed fleets at the bayonet's point." His "savage audacity," Décre's exclaimed, astonished admirals who had been brought up in the experiences of the American War. This impetuous boldness, no doubt, was not always followed by success. Nelson was beaten off in the descent on Teneriffe, and the final attack cannot be justified. He failed to cut out the flotilla of Boulogne, and seems to have under-rated its strength. And as De La Gravière has remarked, had the dying breeze sunk to a calm on the day of Trafalgar, when a few only of the British ships were engaged with the whole combined fleet, the issue of the battle would have been different. But the daring of Nelson was seldom rashness: genius is

not omniscient and must leave a chance to Fortune ; and as a rule, in his most striking exploits, we see means thoroughly adapted to ends and calculation controlling temerity. The superiority in fact of the British fleets was so decisive in his day, that he could venture on efforts which would now be reckless ; and he proved this in a number of instances. He moves out of the line at St. Vincent, in order to detain the Spanish fleet and to enable the British delayed by Jervis, through mere adherence to the routine of the past, to come up and attack the enemy ; he is engaged for an hour with three first-rates, and yet, to use his own words " this was apparently and not in reality an unequal contest." It was the same at the Nile and the same at Trafalgar, the same in the ocean chase of Villeneuve. Nelson's conduct is open to theoretic criticism ; in the state of the belligerent navies it was practically right, and the results were decisive. The daring of Nelson was also combined with one of the most precious of naval qualities,—quick readiness to seize the occasion at hand and resolution to turn it to account. The most conspicuous illustration of this gift, perhaps, is to be found in his attitude at Copenhagen, a battle little studied by the general reader, but a magnificent specimen of this great excellence. The British fleet was certainly in great peril. It had partly overcome the armed Danish hulks ; but it was anchored in a narrow channel along a treacherous shoal ; and the only avenue of retreat it possessed was commanded by a powerful land battery, the guns of which had by no means been silenced. Had Nelson obeyed the signal of Parker and drawn out of the fire,—or tried to do so—before he had at least gained the better of his foes, it is not impossible that the British fleet would have been involved in a real disaster. But Nelson took care to make the Danes feel the tremendous effect of the British ordnance ; and when 'his was done he sent off a flag of truce, in

order really to enable his ships to make their way out of the close passage in which they had been, so to speak, imprisoned. In the eyes of seamen this was one of the most brilliant of his feats.

But the chief gift of Nelson lay in his genius for command, in his faculty for directing his officers and men to the accomplishment of his great achievements. He was the master-spirit of the ship or the fleet directed by him : he made all his officers his docile instruments, and animated them with the " sacred fire " ; and he breathed into his crews a heroic ardour strengthened by extraordinary devotion to himself. He was not a martinet like the stern-hearted Jervis ; not a mere kindly chief like the feeble Hotham ; not only a " sailor's friend," like the veteran Howe ; he was a born and consummate ruler of hearts. It is impossible to completely analyse this quality ; but we may glance at the methods adopted by Nelson in attaining this absolute supremacy in command. He was never severe, though he could enforce authority ; he made great allowances for faults of judgment, but not for slackness or want of courage ; he always took his officers into his confidence, but invariably gave them a large discretion ; he appealed to the noblest qualities of English nature, the sense of duty and the love of country, not once to the passion for glory and the lust of plunder which were Napoleon's watchwords. From first to last in his grand career he followed these principles when in command ; and the results were the same whether he was in charge of a third-rate or ruled the fleet which overwhelmed Villeneuve. His " Agamemnon " loved him with fond affection ; his " Captains " cheered him as he turned aside and steered in to Cordova's van, though they seemed hurrying into the jaws of destruction. His captains and himself, in his own expression, were a Band of Brothers when they conquered at the Nile ; and it deserves special notice that though

he explained his general plan of attacking Brueys, he allowed each of them to select his position of vantage. It was exactly the same before Trafalgar. Tears burst from the eyes of those "mastiffs of the seas," as he unfolded to them his masterly scheme,—the sure presage of victory as the situation stood. But he gave Collingwood a perfectly independent command; he left each British ship to select its foe; unlike his unhappy adversary, he made few signals, his whole ideal of command appearing in the famous words, "England expects every man to do his duty."

This combination of splendid qualities made Nelson the first of naval tacticians, at least since the days of Blake and De Ruyter. In the four great actions in which he stands pre-eminent, his tactical genius decided the issue. At St. Vincent Jervis, intent on forming his ships on a parallel line with the enemy,—the natural order of the eighteenth century—was bringing them round in a semicircle, which would have enabled the Spanish fleet to escape or have only compelled the rear to engage. Nelson wears and stands out at the right moment, arrests the progress of Cordova's vanguard, and wins for England a much-needed triumph. At the Nile, the most scientific of all his battles, Nelson catches the fleet of Brueys at anchor, surprises his foe by a night attack, steers in shore of the French with part of his ships, and then bringing eight ships of the line to throw a cross-fire upon five Frenchmen, practically decides the contest in less than two hours, for the rest of the enemy's fleet can do little, being in an extended line and bound to its anchors. And this magnificent victory was attained against a very superior force: the *Orient* was a match, in weight of metal and other respects, for two British Seventy-fours; and we had no ship equal to the *Tonnant*, or the renowned *Franklin*, still remembered as the unrivalled *Canopus* down to the last days of our sailing navy. His tactical skill was displayed also in his

directing his ships to anchor at the stern, thus preventing their swinging and being raked; and we know from the testimony of a French officer that this move frustrated the best hope of Brueys. Trafalgar was an exceptional battle. Had the combined fleet been nearly as good as our own, the attack of Nelson would have been mere rashness: the *Royal Sovereign* and the *Victory* would have been destroyed by the fire that would have been brought against them; and thus might have crippled the two advancing columns, and have led to a real disaster. But Nelson shaped his tactics to the actual state of affairs. Disregarding routine he followed his genius. He knew that the Allied Fleet was a contemptible force compared to his own; and he bore down on it in double column, convinced, as the result proved, that his headmost ships could resist the enemy until their consorts appeared on the scene, and that his method of attack would assure a victory which was the most decisive of the whole war, for it annihilated France as a power on the ocean when Napoleon had become the lord of the Continent.

Nelson's faculties were not seen at their best in calculations requiring long trains of thought, nor was his sagacity of the very highest order. He was inferior to several admirals of his day in the management of political questions. Without referring to what he did at Naples, it may be said that his ardent nature was ill-fitted to deal with civil affairs, and in this respect he cannot be compared to Wellington. This partial want of profound reflective power made him less excellent as a naval strategist than St. Vincent, or even perhaps than Hood. His plans for repelling an invasion of our shores were not original nor even striking: his system of blockade more than once failed; and he could not understand the immense value of Malta as a Mediterranean station. His position as a strategist is best determined by examining his conduct when he had to cope on his own element with the first



of strategists. All honour to the renowned seaman for his pursuit of Villeneuve with a handful of ships! All honour to him for the second Lepanto, the crowning and immortal day of Trafalgar! But in pure strategy Nelson was out-maneuvred in common with every British admiral in this grand campaign by his deep-thinking enemy; and though it is quite possible, nay, perhaps probable, that Napoleon's designs for assailing our shores would have been frustrated in any event, still it must be acknowledged that he wellnigh succeeded, inferior as was his naval power on the whole, in bringing in to the Channel a great fleet, and his failure can only be partly ascribed to his foes.<sup>1</sup>

We can merely glance at the main incidents of a strategic contest which deserves special study. Napoleon had arrayed a vast armed flotilla at Boulogne. The power of its guns was so formidable that the Admiralty, and Nelson too, believed that the Emperor would rely on it to attempt the descent without other aid, and the Channel was left guarded by only a few British ships. But Napoleon had resolved to cover the passage by the presence of a fleet in great strength; and though our ascendancy at sea was certain, though Cornwallis blockaded Ganteaume at Brest and Nelson blockaded Villeneuve at Toulon, while British squadrons watched Rochefort and Ferrol, our enemy only just missed his object. Villeneuve, eluding Nelson, escaped from Toulon; rallied a Spanish squadron when off Cadiz; was at Martinique a full month before Nelson; was joined there by two ships of the line; and early in June, 1805, was on his way to Europe, his orders being to raise the blockade of Rochefort and

Ferrol, to draw to him the squadrons in or near these ports, to bear down on Cornwallis with a far more numerous force, and then combining his fleet with that of Ganteaume to appear in the Channel in irresistible strength. Nelson never suspected this deep-laid design,—a strategic conception of the first order. Magnificent as was his chase of Villeneuve, he was far behind the Frenchman when he set sail for Europe, and even then he made for the wrong point, Cadiz; and Villeneuve would not improbably have reached Ganteaume at least, had his fleet been one of even average quality. But some of the French ships sailed extremely ill: the Spanish squadron was in a woeful plight; and the voyage across the Atlantic was extraordinarily slow. This delay gave the Admiralty just time,—Nelson had despatched the *Curieux* to warn it that he had missed Villeneuve—to send off Calder to stop the Frenchman. But Calder had only fifteen ships against twenty of his foe: the battle that followed was indecisive; and Villeneuve, though with the loss of two ships, made his way good to Vigo and thence to Ferrol. Here he effected his junction with a large allied squadron; and this raised his fleet to more than thirty ships of the line, the French squadron of Rochefort being now near and at sea.

These long delays, and the fight with Calder, deprived Napoleon of many chances. He had lost the advantage of a sudden surprise; and he could hardly expect to draw together his naval armaments off Brest without risking a battle. By this time Nelson had returned to Europe. Still without a suspicion of the Emperor's design he had left part of his fleet with Cornwallis, and had brought only three ships with him to England: Calder and Cornwallis had joined each other; and the British fleet that barred an approach to the Channel was rather more numerous than that of Villeneuve, though very inferior to those of Villeneuve and

<sup>1</sup> There is no really good English account of the strategy of the Campaign of Trafalgar. The subject must be studied in the Despatches of Nelson and Collingwood, in the Correspondence of Napoleon and in the Diary and Letters of Villeneuve extracted by De La Gravière from the French Archives. De La Gravière's narrative is excellent and very impartial.



Ganteaume united. A lion therefore lay in Villeneuve's path. It was more than probable that he would be severely beaten before he could make good his way to Brest; and in that event it is not likely that he could have joined Ganteaume, and that the two fleets could have entered the Channel. At this juncture however, what Napoleon described as "the stupidity" of the British Admiralty, gave Villeneuve an opportunity again, which a great chief might have turned to account. Cornwallis, who had thirty-five ships of the line, detached Calder with half that number to observe Villeneuve, now some days at Ferrol; and had the French admiral, who had twenty-nine ships ready—he had left three at Vigo as of no use—set sail and rallied the Rochefort squadron, he might have overwhelmed or missed Calder, have come up with and beaten Cornwallis in detail, and then have attracted Ganteaume from Brest, and sailed with him into the unguarded Channel. Villeneuve however, a skilful but a timid leader, was not equal to an effort of the kind. He set off from Ferrol with his twenty-nine ships; but he did not discover the Rochefort fleet, and hearing that a British squadron was near, he steered southward and made for Cadiz, foredoomed within a few weeks to Trafalgar. Napoleon's project therefore, baffled at first by the sluggishness of the Allied Fleet, was baffled a second time by the weakness of Villeneuve. Yet Nelson boldly said that Calder with seventeen ships could have crippled Villeneuve,—this was, we think, comparing Calder to himself—and the more cautious De La Gravière has remarked that if Calder had encountered Villeneuve he could have harassed the French fleet and rejoined Cornwallis; and in that event it was most unlikely that Villeneuve would have reached Ganteaume, and still less that both could have attained the Channel. It should also be added that, even at the worst, the French and Spanish fleets could hardly have

ruled the narrow seas for a time sufficient to have enabled the flotilla to effect the passage and to keep its communications with France open. Had Calder and Cornwallis been beaten off from Brest, and had Villeneuve and Ganteaume mastered the Channel, our squadrons, gathering from all points, would before long have regained their ascendancy; and as De La Gravière more than hints a Trafalgar might have been fought between Torbay and Dover. Yet when this has been said, the fact remains that, so far as regards the gaining our shores, Napoleon's plan had many chances of success; for some time it was full of promise, and it must rank with his finest strategic conceptions. It failed too, and this should be borne in mind, mainly because his fleets were exceedingly bad and Villeneuve no more than a third-rate chief. Our admirals had little to do with the failure. Notwithstanding his efforts,—and they were heroic—Nelson never penetrated the Emperor's design; and the conqueror of Trafalgar, in the first part of the contest, was out-generalled from the strategic point of view.

Such was Nelson in his greatness and in his defects also, for human genius has never attained perfection. What lessons can the naval chiefs of our time learn from the career of the first of seamen? They will gather no examples of tact in politics, of the skilful management of affairs of state, of dealing with hostile or alien races; here Wellington must be the Englishman's model. Nor will they acquire much to inform them on pure strategy in the changed circumstances of naval war. Nelson was not an authority of the first order on such questions as the defence of our coasts, the protection of our commerce, the maintenance of blockades; and they will learn more from St. Vincent or Howe, and especially from the profound Collingwood, the one British admiral who had the slightest inkling of Napoleon's projects in 1804-5. Unlike Cochrane, too, Nelson had no turn for mechanical im-

provements and inventions; these were few in his time and he rather disdained them. Had Cochrane lived to the present day,—he saw the launch of the first ironclad—his certainly would have been the master mind to connect the seamanship of the past and the present, to make modern discoveries tell in naval warfare, to devise the best new system of naval tactics. Yet the character and the achievements of Nelson are of inestimable value to seamen of our age, and should be carefully studied by the chiefs of our fleets. In his day, as in ours, the conditions of war were suddenly changed in a few years. Nelson realised this momentous fact more thoroughly than any other leader; and this secret of his success should be kept in mind in a special way by our higher naval officers. It is unnecessary to say that Nelson's seamanship must be always a subject of thought and re-

flection. The days of sails have been replaced by those of steam; but now, even more than a century ago, skill in pilotage, attention to the details of his ships, and control over their intricate mechanism, and above all, ability in directing these huge structures through the perils of the deep, must be a chief care of the naval commander. For the rest, the daring, the resolution, the quickness of Nelson, and especially the gifts that made him a leader of men and the first naval tactician of his age, are precious examples for the admirals of our day. And they are just as valuable in this age of ironclads as they were in those of the old *Victory*; nay, qualities of this kind may have even more decisive results in modern war than they had at the Nile and Trafalgar.

WILLIAM O'CONNOR MORRIS.

## THE FARMER'S FRIENDS.

It is impossible to read Miss Ormerod's exhaustive Manual of Insect Pests<sup>1</sup> without the thought arising a hundred times in our minds that the prevalence of blight and predaceous *larvæ* among the crops bears a direct relation to the lamentable destruction of small birds, which is so ruthlessly waged from year to year. As the birds are killed or driven away, so the insects increase. Because a few species have been proved to feed chiefly on grain and vegetables, causing infinite injury in the garden and field alike, a wholesale war of extermination is permitted against all descriptions of birds; and so, many that are really the friends of agriculturists are involved in an indiscriminate slaughter, encouraged rather than otherwise by those who should know better. In the meantime it is universally admitted that the *aphidæ* and noxious pests multiply in each successive season amid the fruit and crops, while the insectivorous birds are simply driven away from the pursuit of their legitimate vocation in life. The anomalous situation will, I suppose, continue until the urgency caused by the ever-spreading blights compels some measure of legislative interference, and the common birds, together with their eggs in the breeding season, are protected by Act of Parliament. After a close study of Miss Ormerod's invaluable work, coupled with much independent observation of the insect-feeding habits of most birds, I have been astonished to find how generally they search out precisely those kinds of insects which are the principal enemies of cultivation, and how assiduously they perform their self-allotted task,—if only

they are let alone! And to illustrate these assertions more forcibly, I am tempted to record the personal observations of many years made in a western county amid the fruit orchards, the hops, and the open fields.

In last May a pair of Yellow Wagtails returned to a former haunt in some allotments, where a crop of tares served to harbour the nest that I never could find, and beans grew on the adjoining piece. Later in the summer the birds brought off four or five young ones, which might be seen daily flitting among the beans in evident search of food. With field-glasses I watched their operations, noting the dainty morsels which were repeatedly abstracted from the growing beans. Curiosity led me to examine the nature of these abundant feasts, and the point was easily established. The plants were infested with the destructive bean-beetle, every leaf and stem supplying its quota. This bronze-coloured insect is common enough on field-beans. It bores into the seed stored in winter-time, and the eggs are thus introduced into succeeding crops. That the Yellow Wagtails greedily devour these creatures can be quickly ascertained by collecting a dozen in an open vessel placed in a handy position for the birds, who will at once rise to the occasion. In the same way you may tempt the graceful Pied Wagtails running about on the lawn with a meal of wriggling wire-worms which they so dearly love. The wire-worm, it may not be generally known, is a common name for the *larvæ* of half-a-dozen species of beetles which lurk in the ground for months, and even years, before the final transition into winged coleopterous insects. Surely any bird which will feed on this,—one of the farmer's greatest scourges—should be

<sup>1</sup> *Manual of Injurious Insects and Methods of Prevention*; by E. A. Ormerod. Ed. 2nd. 1890.

jealously protected in the country, whenever they can be induced to stay.

The little Whinchat, with streaked brow and salmon-tinted breast, is very common in the early summer months, wherever the pastures are standing for hay. The nests are woven from the grasses and are placed on the ground in the open fields. As a well-known ornithologist remarked to me, any one who takes the pains to observe can discover that they feed their young almost exclusively on caterpillars. The Pipits also are insectivorous. I have watched them running to and fro in a meadow, busily chasing flies amid the tall blades. A dissected bird reveals the food in the crop to be soft-bodied insects and grubs. The Wheatear frequents the higher ridges of cultivated lands in the course of its migrations. It performs the useful office of clearing away grubs and slugs from beneath the stones; but a pair I had in captivity for a short time fed entirely on the *pupæ* of ants, a favourite food with many kinds of birds. Flycatchers should be encouraged in every orchard and garden, for they spend their whole summer in killing *aphidæ* and plant lice in general, catching each successive insect on the wing with unerring certainty.

All the Woodpeckers feed on the boring beetles which cause such havoc in the woodlands, and the Allied Wryneck has a partiality for ants before anything. The Creeper thrives best on those small insects which find a home in the interstices of bark. The Nuthatch—always creeping head downwards—hunts for insects on the trees in summer-time, but dearly loves nuts or beechmast in winter. Possibly it attacks those nuts which contain weevils or maggots in such abundance.

The Tits possess a doubtful reputation in many parts, owing to their alleged destructive habits among the fruit trees in the early spring. The Blue Tit especially is said to eat the fruit buds, and the charge is not altogether false. A close investigation,

however, has convinced me that this vivacious bird feeds mostly on flies and caterpillars infesting the trees. After a number of Blue Tits have been busy in a pear tree I have collected as many as forty buds from the ground underneath; but nearly every one was hopelessly cankered. Later in the year, the Blue Tits, Great Tits, and Coal Tits, together with the Long-tailed Tits, work incessantly in the fruit trees clearing off flies and lice innumerable, going far, in my opinion, to save the setting plums or apples. The Coal Tits I have observed in a beech wood industriously splitting the hard cases of a conical gall growing on the shrivelled leaves, in order to extract the fat grubs within. The Marsh Tit feeds on thistle-down—so detrimental to the land; and Long-tailed Tits have been observed to eat the “looper” caterpillars.

Last winter I heard of forty Bullfinches being captured or killed in a single orchard for their bud-destroying propensities. After a slight fall of snow in May, the ground beneath an apple tree where Bullfinches had been at work was found to be strewn with sound buds. I fear the case was proven; but the birds are not so common that they need be destroyed. Let them rather be scared away, especially as at least for nine months in the year they feed on dockseed and other undesirable weeds. In the same way the rarer and terribly shy Hawfinch damages buds, green peas, and other garden produce. But the only bird I ever examined contained hard laburnum seeds; and in 1887, in the months of May and June, several Hawfinches examined by the Curator of the Maidstone Museum, contained nothing but green caterpillars. About the same time a single female bird was proved to have swallowed no less than forty *larvæ*. The case for its extinction is therefore not by any means established. The Crossbill is an occasional visitor that, until recently, I had always imagined fed exclusively on the hard seeds of coniferous trees,

its curved mandibles being peculiarly calculated for their extraction. I have seen a bird in captivity hold a cone with the foot, tearing the seed-covers meanwhile with the greatest dexterity. The late Dr. Saxby and the Rev. H. A. Macpherson have, on the other hand, recorded the fact that Crossbills feed on *aphidæ*.

Goldfinches, now, alas! becoming very scarce in England, feed on thistle-down and similar noxious weeds, the same observation being applicable to the various Linnets. With regard to both the professional bird-catcher is a great offender. Farmers should order them off the land wherever they ply their nefarious trade, together with their captive birds, artificial branches, bird lime, and imitation whistles and nets. They exist in the vicinity of every town, receiving support in quarters where we might least expect it. The Greenfinch, or Green Linnet, on the contrary, is a bird in whose favour little can be urged. I have narrowly watched its excavating operations in many a garden. It roots up radish, lettuce, turnip, and the seeds of most cruciferous plants as quickly as they are sown, causing infinite harm and vexatious loss. It is one of the few birds that I should recommend to be killed in the neighbourhood of cultivated ground. The Chaffinch has also an indifferent reputation in this respect; but it undoubtedly feeds largely on insect life, thus counterbalancing the occasional harm it works.

Who, I should wish to know, having examined the restless but delightful little Gold-crest—the smallest of British birds—at work in the sombre branches of some Austrian pine, in pursuit of the numerous *aphidæ* lurking between the spinous leaves, can doubt the beneficial results of its visits which are so few and far apart? And yet, in last spring, I knew of a pair being taken in a private shrubbery; and the beautiful nest was altogether destroyed. People will not take the trouble to protect their best gardening

friends; and so the blight gains the upper hand on all sides.

The Goat-sucker, or Night-jar, pursues its avocations at night, capturing the injurious cockchafer which is then on the wing. Miss Ormerod states that both *larva* and *imago* destroy the roots of grasses, vegetables, and young trees; and that it feeds on the leaves of the oak, elm and other trees, sometimes stripping the entire foliage. Where it prevails, this lady says: "Wild birds, such as Rooks, and Sea-gulls, should on no account be driven off. The Black-headed Gull follows the plough in the same manner as the Rooks, and feeds on cockchafers both in the grub and beetle stages; the Common Gull will go for miles inland and follow the plough in search of insects and grubs; and the Night-jar, by feeding almost entirely on cockchafers (and moths) during the morning and evening hours, is also of great service . . . . the birds should be carefully protected from molestation." This is testimony that we cannot afford to disregard, coming, as it does, from so eminent an authority.

The value of the Rooks on the farm remains a hotly-disputed question; naturalists disagree in the matter, and practical agriculturists are by no means in accord. They are of inestimable value in killing wire-worm and other pests; but, on the other hand, destroy a vast amount of grain and pull up the tender blades of corn—often enough in their very efforts to gain access to the slugs and *larvæ* in the soil. Within due bounds they are probably beneficial rather than otherwise; for it must be borne in mind that grain is usually sown far thicker on the land than it can possibly grow if every grain were to germinate. Carrion Crows are obnoxious to preservers of game, and I have myself seen a bold fellow take a duckling from a paddock. The Jackdaws steal eggs right and left; and I have known them clear every young walnut from a tree in a few days. The Jay poaches on its own account among eggs, but

feeds much on snails and the larger kinds of beetles. To the farmer it may be reckoned as a friend rather than an enemy.

Among the Columbæ the common Wood-pigeon must be given a decidedly bad character. Thriving on peas, beans, and other leguminous seed it ravages the crops of the farmer to an appreciable extent. I have no good word to say for it, and recommend that the bird should be shot wherever there is the chance of its doing harm. The Corn-crake, ceaselessly running about in the shelter of the long grasses, feeds principally on slugs by day and night. The only wonder is, when the bird can find time to sleep, for it is rarely quiescent. Cuckoos feed almost entirely on insects, although it has been proved that they can swallow vegetable matter. Birds of the Bunting tribe,—the winter-visiting Brambling, the Corn-Bunting, and the familiar Yellow-Hammer—cause little or no harm in the open fields. When the corn is harvested they raid a little on the stackyards, eating more or less grain; but they are not great offenders, I think, in any case.

Our ubiquitous friends, the Starlings, have increased during recent years in a remarkable manner. In the early summer it is most entertaining to watch the parent birds on a lawn or in the fields, engaged in feeding their young, which are just able to fly, and are in size equal to the old birds. Chattering loudly all the time, the young Starlings run or hop in the grass with gaping mouths, awaiting each morsel which comes. Note the action of the parents meanwhile; the sharp bills dig vigorously into the ground, each time bringing up a whitish grub of the daddy-long-legs, *larvæ* which do a vast amount of harm on the land. It is the mission of the Starlings to consume such pests by the thousand; and whenever these birds are collected in the fields you may be certain that they are accomplishing good work. In the orchards unfortunately they do

harm; as the cherries ripen they will clear the trees, if undisturbed.

Thrushes likewise demand a toll on the soft fruits, but they are rare insect scavengers for the greater part of the year. The silent observer may watch one of these handsome birds hop towards a full-sized snail espied from some distant bower. Darting to the spot, the prize is quickly secured: the shell is dashed against a stone until the juicy contents can be extracted; and then a noble meal is enjoyed in the intervals of glorious song. I saw a ditch last summer that was overgrown with an umbelliferous plant, on the ample leaves of which scores of black slugs were thriving, ready to attack all manner of vegetable produce on the adjacent allotments. Each day the Thrushes, Larks, Starlings, and Wagtails returned to effect the desired clearance, and I believe that very few slugs escaped their united vigilance. Blackbirds, according to my experience, do considerably more harm among the fruit than the Thrushes; and yet, I know that they feed largely on wire-worm and other injurious insects. Few, I think, would advocate their destruction, in spite of occasional pilfering propensities. Towards the Robins and Wrens everybody is well disposed, and the Redstarts may be classed among the purely insect feeders.

The Skylark is such a cheerful little bird, soaring high in the heavens and bursting into song at the very first indications of spring, that I am reluctant to say a word against its race. In the spring corn, however, it is an unmitigated nuisance, taking the newly-drilled grain as fast as it is sown. Last year they congregated in one field to such an extent that it became a question of replanting the entire ground. At other times they are insect feeders.

For the common House Sparrow,—as distinguished from the so-called Hedge Sparrow and the Tree Sparrow,—nothing can be urged in its favour. Destroy them utterly, is my advice;



and I have reason to think that Miss Ormerod has come to the same conclusion. Experience has shown that their ill-advised importation into Australia and North America has wrought incalculable harm to cultivated vegetation. The bird is a grain and vegetable feeder for at least three-fourths of the year, seeking insects only when leaf-buds and cereals are not available for food. Sparrow-clubs should be encouraged in every village, in order to check the undue increase of the species, which, by the by, breeds at least three times in the year. In connection with these sparrow-clubs, it is somewhat curious to note that the authorities in some English country parishes have from time immemorial paid the village lads at the rate of four a penny for killing these birds, and have moreover purchased the eggs. And some kind of sparrow seems to have been considered destructive in Syria in ancient days, for we are expressly told that "two sparrows were sold for a farthing."

The Warblers include a large class of birds which are almost entirely insectivorous in habit. With the aid of glasses I have watched a Nightingale at work towards the evening in a market garden. Singing at intervals its rich and varied song, the movements of the bird among the leafy branches of fruit-trees showed that a continuous search was made for caterpillars. It eats the *larvæ* of the winter-moth, the small ermine moth, and the vapourer moth. The Willow Wren is partial to the willow weevils and to all *aphidæ*, the Chiffchaff also feeding on flies. The Black-Cap loves small beetles, but together with the lesser White-Throat and Garden Warbler purloins a little ripe fruit. The Grasshopper Warbler finds ample insect food in the meadows, and the Reed and Sedge Warblers by the river-side. One and all of the birds belonging to this group are of service in the garden and orchard.

The Red-backed Shrike, or Butcher-Bird, regularly visits orchards in the

summer season. This is the bird that is said to impale insects on thorn bushes to form a convenient larder close at hand. I have never been able to discover this store of food, but have more than once watched the old birds collecting hard-winged beetles wherewith to feed their clamorous youngsters, just feeling their wings in the vicinity of the nest. I have also seen Linnets following a Shrike to their destruction, as if fascinated by the harsh cries of the predaceous bird. Presently one of the Linnets will fall a victim, the tiny skull being fractured by a sudden blow from the formidable curved bill of the angry Shrike. But they do no harm to agriculture, and should be welcomed in the orchard.

A useful bird that keepers should not be allowed to shoot in a wholesale manner is the Kestrel Hawk, or Windhover as it is appropriately called. Unlike the Sparrow Hawk, it does not prey on eggs and game so much as on the small rodents and vermin which infest the fields. The long and short-tailed field mice do enormous injury to young trees by gnawing the bark, and eat the peas and beans to a great extent. It is the special province of the Kestrel to kill these small mammals, and they are consequently very useful on the land. I think the same remarks apply to all kinds of night-flying Owls. The Hobby, again, feeds on cockchafers and large beetles. The Peregrine Falcon I have seen in the Severn estuary following the flights of Dunlin across the sandy wastes, the Herons at the same time watching the swoop of the approaching Hawk, as they waded knee-deep in the water, with manifest symptoms of uneasiness. As it settled on an old stump I could distinguish the feathers on the chest of the Peregrine deeply stained with blood; for the time it was satiated with food and therefore sluggish in movement. Neither the Peregrine nor the common Buzzard, I imagine, exercises any influence one way or the other on insect life or vegetation; so in this place they hardly demand further consideration.

There is a general complaint from the farmers and ornithologists that the Lapwing, Green Plover, Spur or Peewit,—as it is variously called—is being steadily driven out of the country by those who traffic in plovers' eggs. The market demand for these is so considerable, that when the real article falls short the collectors impose on the trade by substituting the eggs of Gulls and other sea-birds that are available. Where the Plovers formerly bred in numbers, a single pair has now become a rarity, and there is a real danger of extermination unless the birds and eggs can be protected in April, May, and June, by Act of Parliament. No more useful bird exists on the land, feeding abundantly, as it is well known to do, on *larvæ*, slugs, and deleterious insect life to any extent, and its extinction would be a real loss to agriculture.

Although these notes are founded on tolerably close observation, they afford but a fragmentary contribution to what, in the opinion of many practical authorities, marks a serious problem in agriculture,—the increase of insect pests, coupled with the decrease in the number of small birds. For every example cited where the birds are proved to feed on insects, probably a hundred cases might be found in nature. For each one of the known pests recorded in the Manual of Injurious Insects, I am convinced that a natural and determined enemy can be found in some species of bird; and I regard their habitual destruction as little short of a national calamity, owing to the enormous increase of blight against which we have to contend. If we only watch the Swallows and Martins skimming the surface of the ground, or darting to and fro in mid-air, there is ample proof that they destroy millions of *aphidæ*; but,

for all that, it is said that in France large numbers of them are annually intercepted in their passage to be employed in the decoration of ladies' hats and bonnets. And the very Fieldfares and Redwings are shot in winter-time without mercy so soon as they appear in the fallows to devour slugs and snails, and the like.

The sum total of my experiences tend to prove that by far the greater proportion of the birds are solely beneficial in the garden, orchard, and farm. A few species, such as Thrushes, Blackbirds, Chaffinches, and Starlings, do a certain amount of harm, and a large amount of good. Bullfinches and Hawfinches are of more doubtful value, the Rook being in the same category. The common Sparrow, the Greenfinch, and Pigeons are perhaps the most destructive birds we possess; and I feel inclined to say to the farmer and gardener, kill them off where you can. By over-production they disturb the balance of Nature; and they cannot be included among the useful birds on cultivated land. I would plead earnestly for the preservation of nearly all remaining bird-life. If farmers only realised the insectivorous habits of most kinds, I think they might be induced to check the incursions of bird-nesters and professional bird-catchers on their lands, and that the annual decimation might be arrested by united private enterprise before it is too late.

There is still a vast field for investigation into the insect-feeding habits of many birds, and I am not without hope that others after reading these few pages may be prompted to follow up the point at issue. My fixed idea is to save the birds, in order to prevent the ravages of the ever-increasing insect blights.

C. PARKINSON.

## SCOTT'S HEROINES.

## III.

LUCY ASHTON, AMY ROBSART, EFFIE DEANS, CLARA MOWBRAY.

It will probably be the opinion of a great many readers of this Magazine that three out of the four above-named characters instead of being entitled to take only second rank among Scott's heroines are the most interesting of the whole number. We must, however, distinguish between the characters in a novel and the circumstances by which they are surrounded; and if we analyse the nature of the interest which we take in the former we shall often find that it is only reflected from the latter, and that by an interesting heroine we simply mean the heroine of an interesting story. Now there can be no doubt that *The Bride of Lammermoor*, *The Heart of Midlothian*, and *Kenilworth*, are among the most interesting of the Waverley novels; and that if this be the test, Lucy Ashton, Amy Robsart, and Effie Deans must bear away the palm. But I do not think it ought to be the test, and at all events it is not the test which I am applying at the present moment. Two out of the three are deficient in strength, and in none of them does there seem to have been any real struggle between love and duty. If the highest kind of interest which the observation of human nature is capable of exciting arises from the spectacle of conflicting passions, then it cannot be said that either of these three characters is nearly so well calculated to excite it as those which I have previously described. In the Master of Ravenswood himself we see this conflict in its most pronounced and violent form; and in the contrast which he presents to Lucy we are perhaps meant to recognise an illustration of the familiar truth that both men and

women fall in love more readily with their opposites than with those who resemble themselves. But that is not the question which we are just now called on to consider.

*The Bride of Lammermoor* has been described very justly as the most Shakespearian of all the Waverley novels. But there is a peculiar character stamped upon it which I do not remember in any one of Shakespeare's plays, except perhaps *Macbeth*, or in any other of Scott's novels: I mean the darkness of impending fate which broods over it from the first, which is never dissipated for one moment, and which is rather heightened than relieved by the absurdities of Caleb Balderstone. In *Kenilworth*, and in *St. Ronan's Well*, we are often permitted to forget the tragic catastrophe which awaits us; the clouds alternate with sunshine, and the story is so told that a more favourable conclusion would have been nearly if not quite as consistent with its general tone and tenor as the one which actually takes place. But in *The Bride of Lammermoor* it is impossible to shake off the consciousness of coming sorrow from the first moment to the last. If we did not know the end it would still be impossible to anticipate a happy one. In this respect it resembles rather the Greek Tragedy than Shakespeare. The haunting voice is never silent, and all the accessories of the plot contribute to heighten its effect. The first meeting of the future lovers in the forest-glade, whither Ravenswood had repaired to seek an interview with the oppressor of his family, half contemplating a dreadful crime; the shot ringing from the thicket, and father and daughter

saved from sudden death by the hand which might otherwise have been raised for a far different purpose; the fountain with its ghastly legend, the gloomy oaks tenanted by the ominous raven who is sacred to the Lords of Ravenswood; the second meeting of Lucy and Edgar in the midst of a raging tempest which breaks over them with redoubled fury as they enter the ruined castle of Wolf's Crag, all that remains to Ravenswood of the property of his ancestors now in the hands of Lucy's family: all these elements of romance, mystery and terror unite to bring us into a frame of mind in harmony with the progress of the story, leading us to watch the downward course of the two devoted beings which form its central figure in profound and unremitting sympathy, but without the intervention of a ray of hope.

One feeling of which I am always conscious in reading through this "ower true tale" of guilt and misery is that Lucy Ashton is unequal to the situation. A splendid conception seems to me to have been wasted upon her. As a romantic tragedy *The Bride of Lammermoor* has no equal, and Lucy Ashton hardly does justice to its sombre and melancholy grandeur. Her soft and yielding nature, necessary as it is to the composition of the story, is more colourless and insipid than it need have been. Yet Scott has depicted her as the girl whose whole being is absorbed in a first passion, who thinks of nothing else, and to whom father and mother, family claims and filial duties, are but feathers in the balance compared with it. Surely in one who could love "so long so well," and whose reason sank under the agony of a broken heart, we might have looked for some flashes of spirit more vivid than Lucy ever showed. We are left to imagine Lady Ashton engaged in preaching down a daughter's heart, and Lucy herself tamely acquiescing in her lessons. It is true no doubt that she does on one occasion assert herself, withstanding her mother to the face and ordering Bucklaw to

discontinue his addresses till she knows whether Ravenswood has abandoned her or not. But this is a solitary instance. On the whole she is, as she is meant to be, a weak character, yielding herself without resistance to her first passion without considering its consequences, and yielding again to the pressure put upon her to marry another man whom she can never love. This is not the kind of heroine whom Scott makes, or apparently tries to make, the most interesting. And from this are we to infer that in his opinion this entire abandonment to passion was the mark of a weak character, and might be found in one that had little power of interesting us or appealing to our imagination? I think we are. Scott did not intend, I suppose, to lay down any general rule. Eloisa was a woman of strong character who sacrificed everything to love, and is undoubtedly, so far as we know anything about her, an interesting person. Scott may or may not have deliberately started with this moral in his mind; but it forces itself upon us persistently and can hardly have been wholly unintentional.

It may seem at first sight that the violence of Lucy's grief on her final separation from Ravenswood is inconsistent with an insipid character, and that there must have been more in her than meets the eye, or she would have accepted the inevitable as many other girls have done, and have married Bucklaw, not perhaps without some reluctance, but with a resolution to make the best of it, and do her duty as well as she could. I speak of her as I find her, and whether she is exactly true to nature or not, we cannot doubt that Scott intended her to be so; and that in his opinion a girl might resign herself entirely to the dominion of her affections, and even die of grief at the disappointment of them, without possessing that force of character or exhibiting those internal struggles which are essential to a heroine of romance of the highest order. Lucy Ashton, if not insipid, is

monotonous; yet to her with some others is allotted the part of "All for love"—*fiat amor ruat cælum*—by the greatest novelist of this or any other country.

As already stated, we can hardly believe this to be accidental; and we must not be led away by Lucy's beauty or misfortunes into the belief that all the world must necessarily have found her very charming. No doubt she is sometimes represented to us in a very engaging light. Her behaviour while she is under Ravenswood's roof, her uncontrollable amusement at the extravagances of his immortal *major-domo*, the half-consciousness of the feelings she is beginning to entertain for her youthful host mingling very pleasingly with the natural frankness and simplicity of her character; her confiding innocence and gaiety, and the very helplessness which seems to appeal to us for support and pity, combine to make Lucy what we should now call "a very sweet girl." Yet she is not one to whom we should naturally have attributed the depth of feeling with which Scott accredits her; and the combination seems to point the moral which I have all along been drawing, namely, that depth of feeling, when it overbalances all other considerations and plays the tyrant over a woman's whole being, is rather to be found in the feebler class of female characters than the stronger ones, and that it is nothing for any woman to be proud of.

Lucy Ashton was not blind to the truth that the engagement between herself and Ravenswood was a very ill-assorted one. Differences of religion, of breeding and education soon, we are told, made themselves manifest between the two, and might perhaps have prevented what followed had they been discovered sooner. But Lucy was incapable of appreciating the situation of Ravenswood, and all that he would be called upon to bear if he became Sir William Ashton's son-in-law; and she could never have addressed him as the old retainer of his family did, and

as Alice Bridgenorth or Diana Vernon would certainly have addressed a lover in similar circumstances. "Are you prepared to sit lowest at the board which was once your father's own—unwillingly as a connection and ally of his proud successor? Are you ready to live on his bounty—to follow him in the by-paths of intrigue and chicanery which none can better point out to you—to gnaw the bones of his prey when he has devoured the substance? Can you say as Sir William Ashton says—think as he thinks—vote as he votes, and call your father's murderer your worshipful father-in-law and revered patron? Master of Ravenswood, I am the oldest servant of your house, and I would rather see you shrouded and coffined!"

Here we seem to hear the very voice of Alice Bridgenorth speaking to Julian Peveril, and warning him of the consequences of his persevering in his suit. But of this we are to presume that Lucy was incapable and that she resigned herself helplessly to her love for Ravenswood, howsoever mortified at times by his evident contempt for her family, and scared and startled by the bolder and freer views of life which marked the young Tory noble, bred up in the traditions of feudalism and leagues removed from the narrow, formal, and somewhat Puritanical school of thought in which the daughter of the Whig Presbyterian had been nurtured. Not one of the four heroines whom we have already enumerated would have endured this.

That virtue is rewarded and vice punished in this world is far from universally true, though I hardly think the proposition deserves to be laughed at as a mere nursery moral designed to make an impression on children of tender years. Nothing is more frequently scoffed at than the notion that wealth and poverty indicate respectively the favour and the displeasure of the Almighty. Yet the Jews continue to believe so to this day; and no form of speech is commoner among Christians, than to say of a man who



has made his fortune by a life of industry and honesty that "God has blessed" his efforts. That Tommy was a good boy and had plum-cake, and Harry a bad boy and eaten by wild beasts—a theory of consequences at which Mr. Thackeray used to make so merry—means no more than this. Philosophers and satirists may have a good deal to say for themselves, no doubt. But Scott was neither, and would, I think, have been quite content to confess himself one of the multitude, and willing to abide by the more vulgar and superficial theory of rewards and punishments.

At all events it may be said that if what we conventionally mean by the word goodness, that is to say temperance, soberness, and chastity, combined with abstinence from evil-speaking, lying, and slandering, does not always meet with due appreciation in this world, at least high principle, force of character, self-devotion, courage, and perseverance, very generally do, and that to make worldly happiness the result of these qualities is not contrary to experience. With one exception, all Scott's heroines, we hope, were good, as we understand that word in the catechism. But it is the presence or absence of the second class of qualities aforesaid which constitute the decisive influence at the parting of the roads of life. In all his novels in which either the plot itself or any subsidiary drama has a bad ending, we shall see the result owing to the want of these virtues or characteristics,—pagan virtues if we like to call them so. In *The Bride of Lammermoor*, in *Kenilworth*, and in *St. Ronan's Well*, he who runs may read. In *The Antiquary*, Evelyn Neville and Lord Geraldin are condemned, the one to suicide, the other to a living death, for turning a deaf ear to the voice of duty; and in *Effie Deans* we see the unfortunate girl who had sacrificed everything to love on the very point of a shameful death, and only rescued from the scaffold to lead what after all was certainly not a happy life.

But indeed there is no room for speculation on the subject, as Scott himself at the end of *The Heart of Midlothian* has the following remarks upon the subject: "This tale will not be told in vain if it shall be found to illustrate the great truth that guilt though it may attain temporal splendour can never confer real happiness; that the evil consequences of our crimes long outlive the commission of them, and like the ghost of the murdered for ever haunt the steps of the malefactor; and that the paths of virtue though seldom those of worldly greatness are always those of pleasantness and peace." But this is a digression from which it is necessary to retrace our steps at once. We are not concerned with Scott's theories of ethics in the present article, but only with his views of character in its relation to literary art. Moral considerations will present themselves at intervals in the course of such an inquiry; but they form no essential part of it, and deserve only a passing notice.

Scott's theory of life, if we may call it so, is illustrated perhaps more completely in Amy Robsart than in any other of his ill-starred heroines; though in her case the passion to which she at first surrendered herself was of a more blended character than the affection of Lucy for Ravenswood, or of Effie Deans for young Staunton, or of Clara Mowbray for Tyrrell. It is sometimes, I think, forgotten that Amy's elopement with Lord Leicester could scarcely in the first instance have been dictated by love alone. She could only have had a very few interviews with him: he was much older than herself; and the whole affair seems to have been negotiated by Varney. It was Varney, not Leicester, who was seen hanging about Lidcott Hall; and the lady must have known more of the go-between than of his principal when she first came to Cumnor Place. Vanity and ambition had as great a share in conquering the weak nature of poor Amy as that pure personal affection to which we can forgive so



much. And there is every reason to suppose that had she done her duty by refusing to marry Leicester unless she were at liberty to communicate the fact to her family, she might have escaped the misery in store for her. Her supposed shame killed the father who was devoted to her, broke the heart of a high-spirited and honourable man who loved her as Leicester never did, and led eventually to the horrible plot which ended in her own destruction. If Leicester would not have consented to the truth being told to Sir Hugh Robsart, then had Amy been an Alice Lee or an Alice Bridgenorth she would have seen him no more; and it is difficult to doubt that time would soon have plucked out the arrow which could not, I imagine, as yet have sunk very deep into her heart. But she rushed upon her fate. Many a tale of coming splendour, of glittering courts and pageants in which the Countess of Leicester should be foremost, of knights and nobles proud to wear her colours and to be numbered among her humble adorers, of future honours and distinctions to be lavished on her own kindred, and of the lifelong devotion of one who was himself the observed of all observers in this brilliant throng—who had, if he chose to take it, a crown within his grasp, yet preferred sweet Amy Robsart to a Queen—was doubtless poured into her ear. To these dazzling visions did the country maiden seriously incline her ear, and in an evil hour she listened to the tempter and fled. If we look on her now as she hurries through the groves which surrounded the home of her infancy, looking back perhaps with one reluctant tear on every well-known spot—the garden which she had watered in the summer evenings, the cottage where dwelt the objects of her charity, the path in which she had ridden by her father's side when the forest rang with hound and horn, the tall chimneys of the old house visible for the last time among the giant oaks which she is never to behold again—yet rapturous with the thoughts of her

future greatness and her noble lover; and then see her in a few short months torn roughly from her husband's castle, heart-broken and despairing, exposed to insolence and cruelty, and perhaps even now half-weary of the life which is so soon to be taken from her—and we find weakness of character and the victory of passion over duty overtaken by a retribution which seems even heavier than they deserve. Does she not too deplore the luckless hour

When idly first ambitious of the town  
She left her wheel and robes of country  
brown?

We are introduced to Amy Robsart in circumstances only too well calculated to exhibit the infirmity of her character, bewitching and fascinating it must be owned even in its weakness. As she sits at Leicester's feet playing with his decorations and asking for an explanation of each, the incarnation of the most exquisite beauty combined with almost childish playfulness, she excites in every reader who knows the doom that hangs over her the most unbounded admiration, pity, and fondness. But it is the fondness, pity, and admiration we might feel for some beautiful Circassian, the favourite wife of a great Pasha, just fresh from her native mountains, dazzled by the splendour of all around her, half-loving, half-fearing the idol who was soon to be her murderer. In the lovely young Countess whose personal charms almost silence the voice of ambition in the practised courtier and statesman we miss the mind, the character, the womanly pride, which would have completed her conquest, and triumphed over all the machinations and suggestions of that English Iago, Richard Varney. Such a character, powerfully as we may be affected by her misfortunes, her beauty, and her shocking fate, does not speak to us with the voice which holds us spell-bound and rivets our attention on all its various and changing emotions. I have never found *Kenilworth* unlocking the sacred source of

sympathetic tears, though I suppose that others have. I can only see in Amy Robsart a beautiful woman whose sufferings excite our compassion, and whose tragic death afflicts us with a momentary horror; but not a human being in whose struggle with fate we can take an absorbing interest, or one whose high spirit and generous devotion inspires us with respect as well as love.

Amy Robsart, then, who sacrifices everything to passion, is, like Lucy Ashton, a distinctly less interesting character than the heroines of *Rob Roy*, *Woodstock*, or *Peveril of the Peak*; but I feel that I am going on from heresy to heresy, from bad to worse, and that when I come to award Effie Deans only a second class, I am likely to see "a thousand swords leap from their scabbards" to avenge the insult. She is, it is true, in some respects an exception to the rule which I have been endeavouring to establish. She had more brains, spirit, and energy than either of the other two, and we may remember that her refusal to quit the Tolbooth at the suggestion of her lover when the mob broke it open, and her parting speech to her sister when she visited her in prison, indicate a very different nature and temperament from that of either Lucy or Amy. In the second place Effie is not, we must remember, the heroine of *The Heart of Midlothian*, and Scott was not bound perhaps to develop her to the full extent of her capabilities, or, more shortly, to bring out all that was in her. He was under a literary obligation to make her less interesting than Jeanie, or at all events to take care that the latter was not eclipsed by her. I have always thought that Effie was placed at some disadvantage by this necessity. She is too good to play a secondary part or to act as a foil only to her sister. A story in which Effie was the real heroine, without any rival candidate for public favour, might have shown her in very different colours. But as she is presented to us she affords in the

main only the same spectacle as the others, the impulsive girl swept along by the torrent of emotion and never struggling with the stream. She is the most interesting of this particular group from the glimpses of a stronger nature which she occasionally exhibits. But these are hardly enough to take her out of the category in which I have here placed her.

*The Heart of Midlothian* is probably the best known of all Scott's novels. George Robertson, the leader of the Porteous rioters at Edinburgh, is a young man of family who has taken to evil courses and is now the associate of smugglers and robbers. He is handsome, bold, reckless, and in his way generous; and having somehow made the acquaintance of Effie Deans then living at home with her father, a strict old Cameronian, and her half-sister Jeanie, he falls sincerely in love with her, and though he becomes her seducer is even at that time only dissuaded from marrying her by his companions. A child is born which mysteriously disappears; Effie is arrested on a charge of child murder, tried, convicted, and sentenced to death; and her sister Jeanie walks to London to obtain her pardon from the Queen. In this she is successful. Effie is liberated and returns to her father's house; but soon leaves it again to marry her lover and quit for ever the scenes fraught with such dreadful associations. But Jeanie Deans, the rightful heroine of the story, affords us no help in the question we are now discussing. To say that she is not an interesting character would be monstrous; yet she is not an interesting character in the same sense in which Effie, and Alice Lee, and Amy Robsart are interesting characters. The interest we take in her springs from a wholly different source. The element of sex has little or nothing to do with it except as it enhances the difficulties and dangers which she overcomes in the effort to save her sister's life. The romance of her career does not turn upon her love. The best part of the

story would have been just as good had Butler not existed. We feel the same species of sympathy with her as we might have done had she been a man, more in degree because she is more helpless and more in need of it, but the same in quality. She does not therefore inspire us with the particular kind of interest which is the subject of our present inquiry, and for this purpose Effie and not Jeanie must be accepted as the heroine of the story.

The contrast between the fortunes of the two young women—the splendid misery of the erring sister and the humble happiness of the virtuous one—was, as we have seen, purposely drawn by Scott, in his fondness for a homely moral, with an emphatic pencil. But the question now is of Effie herself, and the degree in which she can be called an interesting character apart from the striking incidents and moving scenes in the world of pathos and tragedy through which she walks. To constitute such a character in my opinion there must be, as I have already said, the presence of a struggle between two or more competing motives; there must be what, even while we read, imposes itself upon us as a degree of uncertainty touching the ultimate issue of the conflict. When from the portraiture of the characters we can foretell exactly what they will do, there cannot be the same curiosity—very closely akin to the feeling of interest for which we want a better term—as there is when we are kept in suspense. But though I cannot for these reasons call Effie Deans so truly interesting as some others, I am very far from meaning that she is an insipid character. That indeed would be absurd. It is equally true that in the conversation with her sister to which we have already referred there is a struggle between her natural dread of death and her innate sense of right, which is drawn with a master-hand and is watched with the liveliest sympathy. But we do not see enough of Effie Deans to bring this side of her character into sufficient relief; and when

after her pardon she casts in her lot with Robertson we feel that she only does what we should naturally have anticipated from her previous history. No one can doubt that this would have been the end of it sooner or later, whatever reception Effie had met with at her father's house when she first returned from prison; and all that we regret is that we are not indulged with some account of her interviews with Robertson, and permitted to overhear what passed between them on the subject of the future. There may have been a struggle in Effie's mind of which we are left in ignorance. But if so, it only confirms what I have said before, that she is an imperfectly developed character of whom we feel that we have not seen enough; that there may be depths in her nature which we have not sounded, and that she is snatched away from us just when our expectations are raised to the highest pitch. There is something in her which lifts her above the level of those sisters in misfortune with whom I have here associated her. But nevertheless she must be taken to illustrate the general principle for which I am contending—that such of Scott's heroines as struggle against the dictates of passion, and do not surrender themselves to love as the one guide and master who must be obeyed at all hazards, are the most interesting in spite of a general prejudice to the contrary.

*St. Ronan's Well* is sometimes set down as one of Sir Walter's third-rate novels. But I have never been of that opinion myself. The story is a painful one, but the company at the Well is described with a degree of truth and humour which even Scott himself has rarely surpassed. In the heroine Clara Mowbray, however, he has struck out quite a new line; and one that makes it doubtful in which division of his heroines she should properly be classed. She began by acting in the same manner as Amy Robsart, and consenting to make a clandestine marriage against her father's will with a young man staying

in the neighbourhood whom she had met in her rambles through the woods. She was not more than seventeen, and Francis Tyrrel not more than twenty. He and his half-brother, Valentine Bulmer, are supposed to have been staying at the village inn for purposes of sport. When old Mr. Mowbray, Clara's father, gets a hint of what is going on, his rage is such that Tyrrel has to leave the village, and confide the arrangements for his marriage to his companion. This necessitates secret interviews with the young lady, and at last Bulmer, for reasons which need not be repeated, conceives the idea of personating his brother in the church where the ceremony was to be performed at dusk. He succeeds; Tyrrel meets them on their way from the church when Clara first discovers the imposture; a violent scene ensues in the course of which Bulmer receives severe injuries, and on his recovery a compact is entered into between the two relatives binding both of them to leave the country and never to see Clara more.

It is about seven years after this event that the story opens. Old Mowbray, or St. Ronans, to give him his territorial designation, is dead, and Clara lives with her brother, a gambler, spendthrift, and sportsman, but with certain traits of good in his character which are revealed to us from time to time. Her health and mental faculties have been severely shaken by the blow she has undergone, and even now her mind is still unhinged; not so much so, however, but that she can still play her part in society, and passes only for being slightly eccentric. When Clara we are to suppose is in her twenty-fifth year, both Bulmer, who is the pretended Earl of Etherington, and Francis Tyrrel, who is the real one, return to St. Ronans, the former to press his claims to be received as Miss Mowbray's husband with a view to certain family arrangements by which such a union would bring him considerable pecuniary advantages; the latter

to prevent his importunities and expose his real character. Etherington pretends not to believe that his father was really married to Tyrrel's mother, and as he has always been received in society as the Earl of Etherington he has presumption in his favour. At all events he is welcomed with open arms by the little circle at the Spa, though his presence threatens nothing but misery to the unfortunate Clara. John Mowbray loses large sums of money to the visitor; and his urgency with his sister to induce her to marry the supposed nobleman as the only way out of his own difficulties ultimately robs her of what reason she has left, and drives her from the shelter of his roof in a violent storm to take refuge in a peasant's cottage, where a few hours afterwards she expires. On the whole story being discovered, John Mowbray shoots his creditor through the heart, and goes off to the Peninsular War.

Such is an outline of the story, and I have placed Clara Mowbray in this paper, because, in her own words, she is reaping the consequences of sin and folly. She was hurried away by her passions: she tossed every idea of duty to the wind in order to marry young Tyrrel; and this was the consequence. Had she only struggled against her impulse for a time, or waited till the whole circumstances could have been investigated, it would have been found that it was Francis Tyrrel who had a real right to benefit by the family arrangements aforesaid, and all would probably have gone well. But she lacked the firmness of character necessary for acting such a part, and a lifelong sorrow was the consequence. Now is she a less interesting character than the girl who would have thought both for her lover and herself, and have felt that filial obedience was a duty at which she could not altogether snap her fingers? I think we must say that she is. Deeply as she appeals to our sympathy and compassion, more deeply far than Lucy Ashton or Amy Robsart, we do not observe in her that play of

emotions which constitutes the great charm of the heroines we have preferred. She is interesting as Ophelia is interesting. Her story, though less generally known than that of Lucy Ashton or Amy Robsart, is more melancholy than either. She moves us even to tears, and in some respects I think is one of Scott's most finely drawn characters. The skill with which the border line between sanity and insanity is sustained throughout, her mingled firmness and tenderness, and the contrast between her assumed vivacity and real misery—a contrast which is often attempted in fiction but rarely with the same success—combine to make Clara Mowbray a character who dwells in our memory, and to whom we revert again and again, if not with the same admiration which we feel for some others, with a mixture of affection and commiseration peculiar to the heroine of *St. Ronan's Well*. I may say in concluding the present paper that my object both in this and in former ones has been limited to the elucidation of one characteristic which I be-

lieve to be predicable of Scott's most conspicuous female characters. I have endeavoured even at the risk of being monotonous not to wander from the point. But I would not have it supposed that I conceive myself to have exhausted all that might be said of these young ladies. On the contrary, the more one studies them the more sensible one becomes of the justice of the comparison which Scott drew between himself and Miss Austen; and much more might be written about his heroines in illustration of it. So far however I have confined myself to one argument. In the next and last paper which I propose to write upon the subject I may perhaps take a rather wider range, as I shall certainly have to include in it a much greater number of characters. Of all that remain, however, not more than one I think, or at the most two, stand out from the rest, and I shall ask my readers to regard them all alike from a point of view somewhat different from that which has occupied us down to the present moment.

## LAL.

WHO was Lal? What was he? This was a question I asked many times; and though it was duly answered Lal remained, and remains still, an unknown quantity—an abstraction, a name, and nothing more. L A L. The same backwards and forwards, self-contained, self-sufficing.

The first time I heard of Lal was on a bright spring morning, one of those mornings when the plains of Northern India glitter with dew-drops; when a purple haze of cloud-mountain bounds the pale wheat-fields to the north, and a golden glow strikes skyward from the sand-hills in the south. I was in a tamarisk jungle on the banks of the Indus, engaged in the decorous record of all the thefts and restitutions made during the year by that most grasping and generous of rivers. For year after year, armed by the majesty of law and bucklered by foot-rules and maps, the Government of India in the person of one of its officers came gravely and altered the proportion of land and water on the surface of the globe, while the river gurgled and dimpled as if it were laughing in its sleeve.

Strange work, but pleasant too, with a charm of its own wrought by infinite variety and sudden surprise. Sometimes watching the stream sapping at a wheat-field, where the tender green spikes fringed the edges of each crack and fissure in the fast-drying soil. A promise of harvest,—and then, sheer down, the turbid water gnawing hungrily. Every now and again a splash, telling that another inch or two of solid earth had yielded. Sometimes standing on a mud bank where the ever watchful villagers had sown a trial crop of coarse vetch; thus, as it were, casting their bread on the water in hopes of finding it again

some day. But when? Would it be there at harvest-time? Grey-bearded patriarchs from the village would wag their heads sagely over the problem, and younger voices protest that it was not worth while to enter such a flotsam-jetsam as a field. But the ruthless iron chain would come into requisition, and another green spot be daubed on the revenue map, for Governments ignore chance. And still the river dimpled and gurgled with inward mirth; for if it gave the vetch, had it not taken the wheat?

So from one scene of loss or gain to another, while the sun shone in the cloudless sky overhead. Past pools of shining water where red-billed cranes stood huddled up on one leg, as if they felt cold in the crisp morning air. Out on the bare stretches of sand where glittering streams and flocks of white egrets combined to form a silver embroidery on the brown expanse. Over the shallow ford where the bottle-nosed alligators slipped silently into the stream, or lay still as shadows on the sun-baked sand. Down by the big river, where the swirling water parted right and left, and where the grey-beards set their earthen pots a-swimming to decide which of the two streams would prove its strength by bearing away the greater number,—a weighty question, not lightly to be decided, since the land to the west of the big stream belonged to one village and the land eastward to another. Back again to higher ground through thickets of tamarisk dripping with dew. The bushes sparse below with their thin brown stems, so thick above where the feathery pink-spiked branches interlaced. Riding through it, the hands had to defend the face from the sharp switch of the rosy flowers as they swung back disentangled; such



tiny flowers too, no bigger than a mustard seed, and leaving a pink powder of pollen behind them.

It was after forcing my way through one of these tamarisk jungles that I came out on an open patch of rudely ploughed land, where a mixed crop of pulse and barley grew sturdily, outlining an irregular oval with a pale green carpet glistening with dew. In the centre a shallow pool of water still testified to past floods, and from it a purple heron winged its flight, lazily craning its painted neck against the sky.

The whole *posse comitatus* of the village following me broke by twos and threes through the jungle and gathered round me as I paused watching the bird's flight.

"Take the bridle from his honour's pony," cried a venerable pantaloone breathlessly. "Let the steed of the Lord of the Universe eat his fill. Is not this the field of Lal?"

Twenty hands stretched out to do the old headman's bidding; twenty voices re-echoed the sentiment in varying words. A minute more, and my pony's nose was well down on the wet, sweet tufts of vetch, and I was asking for the first time, "Who is Lal?"

Lal, came the answer, why Lal was—Lal. This was his field. Why should not the pony of the Protector of the Poor have a bellyful? Was it not more honourable than the parrot people and the squirrel people, and the pig people who battened on the field of Lal?

It was early days yet for the flocks of green parrots to frequent the crops, and the dainty squirrels were, I knew, still snugly a-bed waiting for the sun to dry the dew; but at my feet sundry furrows and scratches told that the pig had already been at work.

"Is Lal here?" I asked.

A smile, such as greets a child's innocent ignorance, came to the good-humoured faces around me.

Lal, they explained, came when the crop was ripe, when the parrot, the squirrel, and the pig people,—and his

honour's pony too—had had their fill. Lal was a good man, one who walked straight, and laboured truly.

"But where is he?" I insisted.

Face looked at face half puzzled, half amused. Who could tell where Lal was? He might be miles away, or in the next jungle. Some one had seen him at Sukkhar a week ago, but that was no reason why he should not be at Bhakkar now, for Lal followed the river, and like it was here to-day, gone to-morrow.

Balked in my curiosity, I took refuge in business by inquiring what revenue Lal paid on his field. This was too much for the polite gravity of my hearers. The idea of Lal's paying revenue was evidently irresistibly comic, and the venerable pantaloone actually choked himself between a cough and a laugh, requiring to be held up and patted on the back.

"But some one must pay the revenue," I remarked a little testily.

Certainly! the Lord of the Universe was right. The village community paid it. It was the village which lent Lal the field, and the bullocks, and the plough. It was the village which gave him the few handfuls of seed-grain to scatter broadcast over the roughly-tilled soil. So much they lent to Lal. The sun and the good God gave him the rest. All, that is to say, that was not wanted for the parrot, the pig, and the squirrel people, and, of course, for the pony of the Lord of the Universe.

There are so many mysteries in Indian peasant life, safe hidden from alien eyes, that I was lazily content to let Lal and his field slip into the limbo of things not thoroughly understood, and so, ere long, I forgot all about him. Spring passed ripening the crops; summer came bringing fresh floods the river; and autumn watched the earth once more make way against the water; but Lal was to me as though he had not been.

It was only when another year found me once more in the strange land which lies, as the natives say, "in the stomach

of the river," that memory awoke with the words, "This is the field of Lal." There was however no suggestion made about loosening my pony's bridle as on the former occasion, the reason for such reticence being palpable. Lal had either been less fortunate in his original choice of a field this year, or else the sun and the good God had been less diligent care-takers. A large portion of the land too bore marks of an over-recent flood in a thick deposit of fine glistening white sand. A favourite trick of the mischievous Indus, by which she disappoints hope raised by previous gifts of rich alluvial soil; a trick which has given her a bad name, the worst a woman can bear, because she gives and destroys with one hand. Here and there, in patches, the sparse crop showed green; but for the most part the ground lay bare, cracking into large fissures under the noonday sun, and peeling at the top into shiny brown scales.

"A bad look-out for Lal," I remarked.

Bad, they said, for the squirrel people and the parrot people no doubt; but for Lal—that was another matter. Lal did not live by bread alone. The river gave, the river took away; but to Lal at any rate it gave more than it stole.

"What does it give?" I asked.

It gave crocodiles. Of all things in the world crocodiles! Not a welcome gift to many, but Lal, it seemed, was a hunter of crocodiles. Not a mere slayer of alligators like the men of the half savage tribes who frequent the river land; who array themselves in a plethora of blue beads, and live by the creeks and *jheels* on what they can catch or steal; who track the cumbersome beasts to their nightly lair in some narrow inlet, and, after barring escape by stealthy earthwork, fall on the helpless creature at dawn with spears and arrows. Lal was not of these; he was of another temper. He hunted the crocodile in its native element, stalked it through the quick-sands, knife in hand, dived with it

into the swift stream, sped like a fish to the soft belly beneath, and struck upwards with unerring hand, once, twice, thrice, while the turbid orange water glowed crimson with the spouting blood.

I heard this tale curiously, but incredulously. Why, I asked, should Lal run such risks? What good were crocodiles to him when they were slain? There was not so much risk, after all, they replied, for it was only the bottle-nosed ones that he hunted, and though, of course, the snub-nosed ones lived in the river also—God destroy the horrid monsters!—still they did not interfere in the fight. And Lal was careful, all the more careful because he had but two possessions to guard, his skin and his knife. As to what Lal did with the crocodiles, why, he ate them, of course. Not all; he spared some for his friends, for those who were good to him, and gave him something in return. Had the Presence never heard that the poor ate crocodile flesh? They themselves of course did not touch the unclean animal; and their gifts to Lal were purely disinterested. He was a straight-walking, a labourful man, and that was the only reason why they lent him a field. Even the Presence would acknowledge that crocodile flesh without bread would be uninteresting diet; but as a rule the pig, the parrots, the squirrels left enough for Lal to eat with his jerked meat. The village lent him the sickle, of course, and the flail, and the mill, sometimes even the girdle on which to bake the unleavened bread; but all for love, only for love. Yet if the Presence desired it they could show him the jerked meat, some that Lal had left for the poor. It was dry? Oh, yes! Lal cut the great beasts into strips, and laid them in the sun on the dry sand, sitting beside them to scare away the carrion birds. Sometimes there would be a crowd of vultures, and Lal with his knife sitting in the midst. "He will have to sell some of his jerked crocodile to pay his revenue this year," I remarked, just

to amuse them. Again the idea was comic; evidently Lal and money were incompatible, and the very idea of his owning any caused them to chuckle unrestrainedly amongst themselves. Then, growing grave, they explained at length how Lal had nothing in the world but his knife. All the rest—the sun, the river, the crocodiles, the field, the bullocks, the plough, and the seed-grain—were lent to him by them and the good God; lent to him and to the other people who ate of the field of Lal.

As I rode away a brace of black partridges rose from one of the green patches, and close to the tamarisk shelter a brown rat sat balancing a half-dried stalk of barley. The river gleamed in the distance, a wedge-shaped flight of coolin cleft the sky. All that day, when the shadow-like crocodiles slipped into the sliding water, I thought of Lal and his knife. Was it a crocodile, after all? Or was it a man, stealthy, swift, and silent? Who could tell, when there was nothing but a shadow, a slip, and then a few air bubbles on the sliding river? Or was that Lal yonder where the vultures ringed a sand-bank far on the western side? Why not? None knew whence he came or whither he went, what he hoped, or what he feared; only his field bare witness to one human frailty—hunger; and that he shared with the pig, and the parrot, and the squirrel people. But though my thoughts were full of Lal for a day or two, the memory of him passed as I left the river land, and once more spring, summer, and autumn brought forgetfulness.

There were busy times for all the revenue officers next year. The fitful river had chosen to desert its eastern bank altogether, and concentrate its force upon the western; so while yard after yard of ancestral land was giving way before the fierce stream amidst much wringing of hands on the one side, there was joy on the other

over long, rich stretches ready for the plough and the red tape of measurement. In the press of work even the sight of the river land failed to awake any memory of Lal. It was not until I was re-entering the outskirts of the village at sundown, that something jogged my brain, making me turn to the *posse comitatus* behind me and ask,—

“And where, this year, is the field of Lal?”

We were passing over an open space baked almost to whiteness by the constant sun; a hard resonant place set round with gnarled *jhand* trees, and dotted over with innumerable little mud mounds.

“There,” wheezed the venerable pantaloons, pressing forward and pointing to one newer than the rest. “That is the field of Lal.”

Then I saw that we were in the village burial-ground. I looked up inquiringly.

“Hazur!” repeated a younger man, “that is Lal’s field. It is his own this time; but for all that the Sirkar will not charge him revenue.” The grim joke, and the idea of Lal’s having six feet of earth of his own at last, once more roused their sense of humour.

“And the other people who ate of the field of Lal?” I asked, half in earnest, for somehow my heart was sad.

“The good God will look after them, as He has after the crocodiles.”

Since then, strangely enough, the memory of Lal has remained with me, and I often ask myself if he really existed and if he really died. Does he still slip silently into the stream, knife in hand? Does he still come back to his field under the broad harvest moon, to glean his scanty share after the other people have had their fill? I cannot say; but whenever I see a particularly fat squirrel I say to myself, “It has been feeding in the field of Lal.”

## THE PROSPECTS OF GREATER FRANCE.

Depuis 1870, notamment il n'est guère de partie du globe où notre activité ne se soit portée.—*Journal des Débats*.

"ATTITUDE is everything!" Such has long been the watchword of France in every department of her policy. It has been adopted by all her governments, imperial, royal, and republican. With an admirable disdain for hard facts, she has ever chosen the very fields in which Nature or fortune has been unpropitious as her fields of perennial effort and intrigue. Let us look at some of the hard facts in question.

Nature and their own preferences have combined to make modern Frenchmen one of the least prolific races on earth. Census after census has proved that but for the growing number of foreigners resident in France the population would be practically at a standstill. The fact is acknowledged and deplored by every French patriot who happens not to be engaged in advocating some new annexation. It is thus that M. Jules Simon lately denounced the comfortable *bourgeois* hatred of children. "Our families are dwindling away, our country is dwindling with them, our race is doomed. But, to be sure, we shall be able to afford a luxurious burial." Meanwhile the French government are being urged to tax bachelors, to reward the parents of large families, to recur, in fact, to expedients tried and found useless in the days of the Emperor Augustus. Emigration from France was until 1887 almost unknown. Of the thirty to forty thousand Frenchmen who have emigrated annually since that year not one thousand have gone to any French colony. Yet diplomatic and official France maintains language and adopts plans which would be proper to a country overflowing with population

and anxiously seeking to provide for the surplus beyond her own borders.

Again, if we turn from the fields of emigration to those of politics and war, we find a similar contrast. In the long wars which closed with Trafalgar and Waterloo, France was expelled from Canada, India, Syria, Egypt, and Spain. Her flag was swept from the very seas that wash her coasts. In all these several spheres of disaster her subsequent efforts to recover influence or dominion or both have been unremitting. It would be idle to deny that her successes, like her failures, have been many. It is when we investigate the nature and cost of these successes and the chances of their permanence that grave doubts arise.

By the Treaty of Paris in 1763 France ceded the whole of her Canadian territory to England. But she left, in Lower Canada, a population of her own blood and strongly attached to her traditions. Moreover England undertook to secure them in the enjoyment of their religion and customs. In 1887 the Canadians of French blood numbered 1,300,000 out of a total population of 5,000,000. Unlike their kinsfolk in Europe, they increase rapidly. To the ordinary Frenchman indeed, who is such as the Revolution has made him, they present many points of contrast. It is true that the French "Republicans" of Montreal resented the visit paid to their city by the Comte de Paris in 1890, and telegraphed to President Carnot to assure him of their "warmest sympathy and homage." But the local majority thought otherwise. Their spokesmen and their illustrious guest sang alternately the praises of pre-revolutionary France. British rule, they acknowledged, had made of Lower Canada what France would have been

but for the Revolution. French Canadians had three main privileges unknown to republican France—absence of military conscription, absolute testamentary freedom, and free religious education. "Here," said the Comte de Paris, "our race is not struck with an incurable degeneracy. If the population ceases to grow in France, it is the accidental, and it is to be hoped temporary, consequence of laws and manners." This testimony did not overstate the case. By the rigid observance of her promises in the eighteenth century England has conferred on the French Canadians privileges never possessed by any French subject. They enjoy, so far as the law is concerned, the largest personal independence. If they can be said to suffer any tyranny it is that of their own clergy, who have the power, if not the legal status, of an Established Church. Politically speaking, they have the advantage of sitting on the fence that separates the Conservatives and Liberals of English blood, and their wire-pullers have turned the position to good account. It is true that the French Canadians as a body, and the priests of their Church in particular, have made many and recent avowals of their loyalty to the British Crown. Yet at certain times of excitement, such as that of the execution of the French half-breed rebel Riel, they have posed as Frenchmen before all things. It is on such occasions that the politicians of Quebec, the French Canadian metropolis, denounce English tyranny and appeal to the sympathies of France or the United States. Language such as this may of course be due either to mere provincial jealousy or to genuine disloyalty to the British connection. A crisis in which some light has been thrown on this question has just passed away. In the grave electoral struggle recently decided in Canada we find the vote of Quebec cast heavily against Sir John Macdonald. It was given in deliberate support of the Opposition policy of a commercial fusion of Canada

with the United States by the adoption of a protective tariff designed to exclude British goods. The full meaning of this vote is, however, still uncertain. The French leaders have no doubt readily adopted a policy of opposition to so robust a Briton as Sir John Macdonald, who denounces the policy of commercial fusion as treason to the Crown and the certain forerunner of annexation to the United States. But their ultimate party-vote, on a question which these elections have not finally settled, will be influenced by the general balance of advantages. It is too early to state that the French Canadians have decided against the British connection, and their powerful priesthood are known to have few illusions as to the manner in which Congress would deal with those claims of their Church and nationality which England has so scrupulously respected.

Such is the position in which the vigilant Parisian Press discerns the near break-up of the British Empire, and the reduction of England to "a small island lost in the fogs of ocean." Be this as it may, there is certainly troubled water, and France stands by ready to fish. Should the questions which the Canadian crisis has raised lead to difficulties between England and the United States, the latter will have the ready-made sympathy of France. No good Frenchman doubts that French help alone made the Declaration of Independence possible. Moreover there exist some more tangible materials for a common action between the two countries. Hard by, on the Newfoundland coast, France has an inveterate controversy of her own with England. The Treaty of 1763, which cost her Canada, confirmed her in certain rights of fishing on the Newfoundland banks, and of landing to dry the fish caught. These rights had been originally secured to her in 1713 by the Treaty of Utrecht in terms since discovered to be unhappily vague. Besides this the Treaty of 1763 restored to her the



islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon "to serve as a shelter for the French fishermen," and for the proceeds of their fishing. The policy which thus allowed the enemy whom England had just expelled from Newfoundland and Canada to retain an important and vaguely defined "interest" between the two lost shores has borne its natural fruit. The French claims have here, as everywhere else, been steadily maintained, and on occasion expanded. The two islands now form the *rendez-vous* of a large fishing fleet from St. Malo and the headquarters of a naval squadron. They are officially described as a principal training-ground for the French blue-jacket. The fishing rights on the Newfoundland shore, though repeatedly regulated by treaty and convention, have bred endless controversies, the latest and bitterest of which is upon us now. Our colonists complain that the French have entirely transformed their original permission to fish on the so-called French shore by many acts indistinguishable from territorial jurisdiction. Such are the erection of permanent buildings on land, the arrest of Newfoundland fishermen and the seizure of their tackle by armed French parties. The French answer every charge by producing their ancient bond and claiming their pound of fish. To England remains the task of ascertaining the true extent of her treaty obligations and the price at which they may be extinguished. But a speedy settlement is by no means in the interest of France. That she cannot in the end peacefully retain her user of the Newfoundland coast is probably quite plain to her. Yet, as against England, it is her custom to mass her claims all over the world, and of such claims in Egypt and elsewhere, there is no lack. Hence the delays which have bred much bad blood between England and her oldest colony afford France time for leisurely calculations as to the nature and amount of her compensation. Meanwhile, and before settlement, her

rights may acquire a new value on the very spot. If it should suit an anti-English Government in the United States to start or support a regular Secession movement in Canada, the attitude of the French Canadians would, for reasons already given, become of prime importance. Their doubts and scruples would be met by promises and pledges of all kinds, in the formulating of which France might serve as an invaluable intermediary. It is at such a time that her actual powers of annoying England on the Newfoundland coast would probably be supplemented by direct American support.

In India—to which we next turn—France holds the scattered territories which were restored to her at the Peace of 1815. They have an extent of 200 square miles, a population of 270,000 and a revenue of some £80,000. This tiny empire is solemnly ruled by five distinct governments; those of Pondicherry and its dependencies of Chandernagore, Karikal, Mahé, and Yanam. "This is effected," says Sir W. W. Hunter, "by rigid economy, and the prestige of the French Government is worthily maintained in the East." Our own times have witnessed repeated attempts to realise the dream of a French Empire in the East. What the vague "Will of Peter the Great" is to the Muscovite, the fortunes of Dupleix and the campaigns of Bonaparte are to the French Foreign Office. Between 1858 and 1863, Napoleon III. annexed part of Cochin China and Cambodia. In 1884 M. Ferry's Government occupied Tongking and Annam, and in 1885 began the determined attacks on Madagascar which have lately blossomed into a protectorate. The most important of these enterprises was that which is shortly styled the Tongking Expedition. It was for a time very popular in France. Cochin China had been almost forgotten, when M. Ferry's new policy in the neighbouring regions excited the highest hopes of extended empire and commercial gain. Nor was the anticipated chagrin of England



at the presence of French troops on the Burmese frontier without its peculiar charm. There is little doubt indeed that the close relations between Paris and Mandalay furnished some of the grounds for England's recent annexation of Upper Burmah. The illusions of France with respect to Tongking were shortlived. She found herself involved in a desperate struggle with shifting bodies of guerillas, well assured of the sympathy of their Chinese neighbours. Engagement followed engagement, and the announcement of a French victory was invariably coupled with a demand for reinforcements. Finally the French public became alarmed by a situation in which men and money were being lavishly expended, and a war with the whole force of the Chinese empire seemed inevitable. As usual the general feeling found a cry, "A bas le Tonkinois!" and M. Ferry was driven from office and apparently from public life. His recent election to the Senate, and the cessation of the Radical movement for the evacuation of Indo-China have therefore a peculiar significance on which we shall comment later on.

In Egypt and Syria the policy of France has always been a branch of that pursued by her in the Indian Ocean. She has never accepted Bonaparte's double failure as final. The rule of Mehemet Ali at Cairo (1811-1848) coincided with a great revival of French influence in Egypt. Frenchmen flocked into his civil and military services, and fostered in him a deep dislike to England. He soon declared himself an independent prince, marched an army into Syria, and threatened Constantinople. But France refused to adopt the English policy of intervention on behalf of the Porte. England's answer was the formation of a Quadruple Alliance, in which France had no place. Mehemet Ali was quickly crushed, and such was the fury roused at Paris that throughout the operations on the Syrian coast in 1840 the British fleet were prepared for a French attack. During the half-century that has since elapsed, France

has been ceaselessly busy both in Syria and Egypt. In the former country her system of missionaries and mission schools has become the instrument of a formidable political propaganda. Since the Lebanon troubles of 1860 she has treated the Maronite Christians as virtually French subjects, and has borne with corresponding severity on their Druse antagonists, whose sympathies are English. During the anti-clerical campaign in France, and while M. Paul Bert was tearing down crucifixes in French schools, France was, for the purposes of her Foreign Office, not a whit the less the eldest daughter of the Church. And why? "Our schools and missions," said M. Ribot, only the other day, "are the most effective weapons of French colonisation."<sup>1</sup> Accordingly the French Budget for 1891-1892 provides for a large increase of the vote in aid of missionary schools. As regards Egypt, the history of that country since 1840 has been the history of a struggle for influence between France and England. The main facts which led up to the present occupation of Egypt by a British force are too familiar to need more than a summary notice. The opening of the Suez Canal in 1869, under the patronage and in the presence of the Empress of the French, the downfall of the Empire and the desperate efforts of Republican France to maintain intact her Egyptian influence—the warlike enterprises and financial collapse of the Khedive Ismail, his subjection to the Dual Control of France and England, his deposition and exile, the rebellion of Arabi Pasha against his son and successor, the refusal of France to help in restoring order by force, the single-handed action of England, the defeat of the rebels at Alexandria, Tel-el-Kebir, and Cairo, and the British military occupation of the Delta—these are the facts which have created the present relations between France and England with regard to Egypt. England's successful administration

<sup>1</sup> *Journal des Débats*, November 8th, 1890.

of the country since 1882, the restoration of public order, of commercial stability, of financial and agricultural prosperity, have merely added increased bitterness to French resentment. For the purposes of international controversy Egypt is as much a lost province as Alsace or Lorraine. Successive French Ministries have been constrained to earn a reputation by utilising the remains of their influence at Cairo for the maintenance of sinecure offices, long held by Frenchmen, and for a systematic opposition to all English measures for the benefit and development of Egypt. "Is it nothing," said M. Ribot to the Opposition critics last November, "that we have preserved such French institutions as the Commission of the Debt and the Commission of Antiquities—which were on the point of being abolished? If you ask me why we refused to sanction the application of some of the money saved by converting the Egyptian Debt to an increase of the native army, I answer that we opposed the measure because England wished for it, and because it would have given her an advantage."<sup>1</sup> It is in the same temper that the French Cabinet lately summoned their minister from Cairo to Paris to account for his failure to prevent the selection of an Anglo-Indian judge to reform the native Courts of Justice. The corruption and misconduct of these tribunals and the sufferings which they inflict on the fellahin are not denied, even in France. But the whole domain of Egyptian law was for many years a close French preserve, and in the view of the French Foreign Office it is only by virtue of a succession of English outrages that it has ceased to be so.

From Spain—for a brief period the kingdom of Joseph Bonaparte—the French were driven in 1814. Yet within ten years, France, now acting for the Holy Alliance, intervened in defence of Ferdinand VII. against a rising of his exasperated subjects. The army of the Duc d'Angoulême took

<sup>1</sup> *Journal des Débats*, November 8th, 1890.

Madrid and Cadiz, and occupied the country for five years (1823-1827). Later on, in the matter of the Spanish marriages (1846), Louis Philippe acted as though for him, as for Louis XIV., there were no more Pyrenees. A third and last interference with Spain brought on France disasters from which she is suffering to this day. In 1868 the Bourbon Queen Isabella was expelled from Spain. Her ill-omened marriage to Francis of Assisi, that triumph of French diplomacy, and her own character had proved fertile sources of evil. But the cynical calculations of Louis Philippe were, in one respect, disappointed. She had a son, who ultimately reigned as Alfonso XII., and died universally regretted. The Spaniards were, however, at first inclined to a change of dynasty. Among the candidates under consideration in the year 1870 was a German, Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern. There is little evidence that the King of Prussia seriously pushed his kinsman's claim, but the peremptory demand of Napoleon III. that the Prince should withdraw at once, was met by an absolute refusal. In the war which ensued France was defeated and dismembered. With Alsace and Lorraine she lost nearly two millions of valuable subjects. The victor entered her capital and was proclaimed Emperor of a re-constituted Germany at Versailles. Never had her humiliation seemed more complete. Yet never did her spirit rise higher. In the midst of shame and disaster at home, she abandoned no foreign possession and abated no jot of any foreign claim. Napoleon I., when virtually beleaguered at Moscow, devoted three evenings to some new regulations for the *Comédie Française*. Even so France, hardly freed from her German garrison, opposed the rest of Europe on the minutest details of her consular jurisdiction in Egypt. Sixteen other European States had agreed to substitute for the existing anarchical medley of Consular Courts new local tribunals under European guarantee and largely officered by European Judges. They

were to deal with all cases in which a European was involved, the purely native litigation remaining unaffected. But France saw in the innovation an attack on her own position in Egypt; and, when defeated on the principle, she defended her own view of any detail as though it were a Strassburg or a Belfort. By sheer tenacity she contrived to mark the international tribunals which were in the end established with the deep impress of her own laws and institutions.

Egypt and Syria do not exhaust the list of Mediterranean countries in which France has, since the disasters of the Napoleonic wars, sought dominion, or influence leading to dominion. It is as though she had sought to identify the sea that witnessed so many English victories with fresher triumphs of her own. In 1830 she attacked and presently annexed Algeria. Between 1881 and 1884, at the very time when she was denouncing English action in Egypt as though the Union Jack had been hoisted over a French department, she occupied Tunis and threatened Tripoli. Next came a promising intrigue in Morocco. Its object was to depose the Sultan Muley el Hassan in favour of the Sherif of Wazan, his chief religious dignitary, who had accepted French protection. The vigilance of Sir John Drummond Hay, and the costly drain of the Tongking war were the chief motives for the adjournment of this project. Seated as she now is in the two central Barbary states, France can strike east and west at the two countries that remain independent of her. The likelihood of her doing so is among the elements of European trouble in which the Mediterranean region has ever been fertile.

So far we have dealt with French activity in countries which have for centuries passed under a succession of dominating influences. In the recent Partition of Africa, as the assignment to different European Powers of huge spheres of influence is somewhat prematurely called, France has obtained

the lion's share, as far so actual extent of territory is concerned. In no other part of the world has her activity since the German war been more conspicuous. In 1876 France held, in Algeria, Senegambia, Gaboon, and elsewhere, some 280,000 square miles. Within fourteen years this extent of territory has been increased eight-fold by accessions containing over two millions of square miles. Algeria and Senegambia have grown out of all knowledge. Tunis, Madagascar, and the French Congo are new acquisitions. Besides these an enormous area in the Soudan to the south and west of Lake Chad has been recognised as French. Such are the problems in colonisation and empire-making which France is setting to her stationary, if not diminishing population. Her single share of Africa is but little less than those secured by England and Germany taken together. The idea that genuine Frenchmen will settle abroad in any large numbers, except as paid officials, seems indeed to be recognized as hopeless. It is therefore proposed by persons claiming to be practical that "Frenchmen" must be manufactured by the naturalization of foreign Europeans and by the "assimilation" of the Mohammedan races! A state of the public mind in France in which so huge an access of responsibility could be welcomed, amply accounts for M. Jules Ferry's decision to return to public life. Compared to this African camel, Tongking and Annam, he might argue, were but gnats. Certain it is that the colonial enthusiasts have again won the public ear in France. Colonial chartered companies, rival projects for creating a colonial army, glowing accounts of French travelling and exploring enterprise—all such matters daily occupy the Press. M. Bonvalot, who recently travelled with Prince Henry of Orleans from Russian Turkestan to the French frontier in Tongking, has been the object of special enthusiasm. Not only have his eloquent addresses added strength, in however visionary a degree, to the idea

of a Russo-French alliance, but he has discovered that Tongking, the much-abused, is the "fairest gem in the colonial crown of France." Another French pioneer, M. Crampel, is pushing his way to Lake Chad from the Congo, with the object of bringing it within the confines of French Africa.

Enough has been said to show that so far as regards the assumption of responsibility and the processes of annexation or protection, France seems to have resolutely entered on a wide colonial policy. But by a remarkable coincidence, at the very time when the imagination of her people is dealing at ease with regions whose name even was unknown to them yesterday, the condition of two of her older colonies is engaging the sorrowful attention of her Legislature. Two very acrimonious debates on the administration of Tongking and Algeria have thrown a flood of light on French colonial rule, as it exists in the sober regions of facts. The disclosures respecting Tongking were made on the occasion of a demand for an increased subvention from the mother country, reinforced by hints of imminent local bankruptcy. The entire Indo-Chinese territory of France is administered and financed by the Colonial Council of Saigon. This body is elected by 1,600 Frenchmen, of whom 1,200 are Government officials. The entire community manage to live on the public revenue, which is collected from the natives and supplemented from France. Thus the Council, while declaring itself unable to execute any public works, even out of funds voted for that purpose, has made a practice of providing the daughters of the French residents with dowries upon marriage. This identical body now came before the French Legislature as a suppliant for an increased money vote. Some members of the Chamber declared that the Council must cease to exist because it had been the mere instrument of tyranny and corruption. Others maintained that its patriotism

had redeemed all its faults. "Of course," said the candid Under-Secretary for the Colonies, "anarchy must prevail in a country in which every Frenchman is an official."

The most important contribution to the debate on Algeria was the report of M. Pauliat to the Senate on the condition of that colony. A summary statement of the facts acknowledged to be true must suffice. France has held Algeria for sixty years. She has spent, on this one colony, six milliards of francs (£240,000,000), or considerably more than the German war indemnity. Her receipts amount only to one and a half milliards (£60,000,000). She garrisons the country with an entire army corps, numerous local levies, and a crowd of officials. Yet what is the record of sixty years' work? The natives are, in 1891, so incurably hostile that not one soldier could be withdrawn to France. Of 600,000 Arab children, only 10,000 enter a French school. The railways, which receive large annual subventions from France, hardly pay their working expenses. Every inducement is given to French immigrants by the Home Government, but of all the European nationalities represented in Algeria the French shows the least growth. At the present rate the French element will be swamped in twenty years. In 1911 the colony will contain 5,000,000 Arabs, 395,000 Frenchmen, and 440,000 other Europeans. The administration of justice is a farce. The Arab Cadis have been dismissed and replaced by French lawyers who know no Arabic, and are in the hands of their interpreters and clerks. Generally speaking, the Governor-General obeys the French Algerian deputies, the deputies obey the French residents, and all three combine to oppress the Arab. "M. Tirman," said M. Pauliat of the late Governor-General, "est Arabophobe." The natives pay nearly all the taxes, but their nominal representation on the various local "spending" bodies is so restricted as to deprive them of any real

control. Hence the whole Arab population is slipping into the hands of the usurers. "In Algeria," said several other speakers, "we have absolutely failed to conquer the Mohammedans morally as well as materially. The same difficulty will meet us at every turn in the huge enterprise of developing our new African acquisitions. It is the Frenchman rather than the European who is hated by the Arab. No Frenchman dares to enter the Sahara from Algeria, while the German, Italian, or Englishman does so in safety. If Algeria is to be preserved to France, the rampant tyranny of the French civilian colonist must be put down by the mother country. The Arabs have not risen in arms for many years, but their patience is the patience of despair. The day on which France is involved in a European war will be for the Algerian Arab the dawn of liberty." Such was the testimony given by fervent French patriots, to whom the Senate gave a pained and grave attention. The official case in reply was stated by M. Tirman in person, and by M. Constans, Minister of the Interior. The latter struck a new and harsh note. "We have conquered the Arabs; do not forget that. It is no part of our duty to treat them so well that our countrymen in Algeria should wish to be Arabs themselves." The debate ended with the appointment of a Commission of enquiry.

For Europe at large the question is how long France can continue responsible for peace and order within the huge territories over which her flag flies, and which touch at so many points the possessions of other European Powers. To me it seems that two things alone have rendered it possible for her to maintain, so far, the very semblance of a colonial vocation. First of these stands the great wealth of France, which enables her to meet the cost of dependencies which other countries would have either turned to commercial account, or discarded as useless extravagances. Second in order comes the invincible patriotism of Frenchmen, which renders them prone to minimise all public failures which can in any way discredit the glory and greatness of France. It is in this spirit that they have forgiven M. de Lesseps his fiasco at Panama, which has borne so hardly on his thrifty countrymen. Did he not make the Suez Canal in the face of English opposition? To punish him now, as the author of a second South Sea Bubble, would be to punish "Le Grand Français" and excite England's laughter. Thus seems to run the popular reasoning. The comment of Englishmen who are so nearly affected by French claims and French activity all over the world will probably be, "This is magnificent, but it is not the way in which to found and keep an empire."

HAROLD ARTHUR PERRY.



## A LOCAL HISTORIAN.

THE proper sphere of the Local Historian has perhaps never been very precisely defined. He is hardly considered to be a member of literary society; and his work, it is thought, may possibly be useful but can hardly be artistic. He is set down as a sort of drudge in the service of those who are capable of large views but are above investigating details, and an honourable independence in the field of literature is denied to him. Perhaps however we may arrive at an artistic criterion for this form of literature by the negative method. Evidently Local History should be the exact opposite of Universal History, and all that the Universal Historian ought to aim at, the Local Historian ought to avoid. He must avoid then the slightest tinge of philosophy; he must know nothing of evolution or of the growth of anything; he must judge of the importance of events solely by the criterion of local interest; the events which the Universal Historian seizes upon and sets up conspicuously as *welt-historisch*, he must if possible ignore altogether; or if he is forced to mention them, he will do so in such a manner as to conceal their universal bearings and invest them with a purely local significance. If the Local Historian mentions any curious custom or saying which might be thought to illustrate the life and manners of the age, he must avoid making any such general reflections as would be suggested by it to the mind of the Universal Historian. The principal source of pleasure which his narrative affords should consist precisely in this, namely that the reader is left to make the applications and indulge in the reflections for himself, with no impertinent guidance from the author and none of those arrangements of facts to set off a

theory of which one has such well-grounded suspicions. The Local Historian will naturally admit only with great caution the events which belong also to General History. They may have a local interest, but probably not a very strong one; and he will never forget that in every locality the really interesting events are those which are purely local. Even so noisy and conspicuous an event as a great battle, which cannot fail to assert its importance in the eyes of the locality at least for the moment, has its local and its general importance clearly distinguishable. To the villagers of Mont St. Jean in June of the year 1815 it was not so much of interest that the fate of Europe had been decided upon their arable slopes, as that their crops had been trodden into the ground, and that the farm-house of La Haye and the Château Hougomont were half in ruins. Events are important for the Local Historian in the same degree as they were interesting to contemporaries. He is not a mere chronicler of facts from day to day, but only perhaps because the length of one man's life would not supply a sufficient field for his labours. His work bears much the same relation to a General History as a painting of the Dutch school to one of the Italian, or as the novels of Jane Austen to those of Walter Scott. A work of art it may be; but of the dramatic unities it should have but one—that of place. The unity of time indeed, in whatever way it may be defined, can do it no harm; for it is indifferent whether the narrative deals with all time or only with a given portion; but the unity of action in any form would be fatal to it. Even in a General History much of this kind of unity is dangerous; but in Local History the touch of tendency, the sus-



picion of a plan, destroys the whole of the edifice. Unfortunately many writers of history have mistaken their sphere. Herodotus (for example) was evidently intended by nature for a Local Historian; but he wrote instead a General History with a purpose, into which the matter which he had it most at heart to relate was only with difficulty dragged, while the historian pretended forsooth that the customs of the Egyptians, Scythians and Libyans, the walls of Babylon and the works at Samos, were essentially bound up with his design. Occasionally he betrays uneasiness by an apology or by laboriously tracing a connexion between the particular episode and the general plan, but at length he becomes weary of subterfuges, and confesses frankly: "from the first the history has proceeded seeking occasions for digression." Livy again had one at least of the qualities of a Local Historian, if Niebuhr's criticism is just, that he "knew neither what he had written nor what he was going to write;" but Livy was a rhetorician, and no rhetorician can write a Local History.

In this kind good models are few, a proof perhaps of its difficulty; but Matteo Spinelli (probably the first who wrote history in the Italian language) has many of the characteristics which are required. His *Journals* are contemporary with the events described: he writes in his own local dialect; and although he professes to tell the history of the whole kingdom of Naples, yet he prefers always those events which happened in or near his native place, a place, it may be observed, of no importance whatever. He will rather describe a "pretty fight" which he saw himself at Barletta, between a corn-ship of Ancona and four galleys by which it was assailed, than the battle of Benevento. From him we learn less of the doings of Manfred and Charles of Anjou than of the locusts that ate up Apulia in 1247, of the tower of St. Nicholas at Bari which fell on April 6th, 1254, or of the panic which came upon

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gentlemen with young and comely wives, when a company or two of Manfred's Saracens came to be quartered in their town.

The Florentines did not much excel in this department. Dino Compagni perhaps deserves the name of a Local Historian, and when Cantù, scoffing at him, says that "to narrate facts is the most insignificant part of the historian's duty," we recognise the remark as one which might have been expected from the author of a Universal History; but of the Villani it is enough to say that the first was inspired to write his history (on the occasion of the Jubilee of 1300), by the sight of the Roman monuments and by the example of such "masters of history" as Sallust, Virgil, Paulus Orosius, Livy, and Lucanus. Then again the *Florentine Histories* of Macchiavelli are as far from being truly local as it is possible for such a work to be; for, as has been already implied, the distinction between local and general in history consists less in the subject than in the manner. The history of a great country may be (and often is) set forth in the true local style, just as the history of its smallest village may be treated philosophically.

Nearly contemporary with Macchiavelli is the writer whom we have chosen to take as our type, Agostino Giustiniani, Bishop of Nebbio in Corsica, compiler of the work called *Annali castigatissimi della Repubblica di Genova*, which was published in the year 1537 after the death of the author. His subject was a dangerous one, presenting many points of contact with general history and many opportunities for general views and philosophical reflections. But, as he says himself, "the duty of a historian is to relate the effects and not to investigate too closely the causes," and he resists the temptation, if he felt it, making his history rather a revised collection of the existing annals than an independent work, *Annali castigatissimi . . . da fedeli ed approvati scrittori per el Rev. Monsignore Agostino Giustiniano.*

*genoese, vescovo di Nebio, accuratamente raccolti.* The manner in which he introduces his own biography is characteristic of the annalist. When he reaches the year 1470 he writes thus :

In the year 1470 I have found nothing worthy to relate excepting this, that in this year on a Sunday Paolo Giustiniano dalla Banca and Bartolommea Giustiniano Longa, his wife, had a male child, and as they were bound by vow, they named it Pantaleone, and he was the compiler of the present volume . . . . And let it not cause marvel in any that I have proposed to write in this place my own life ; for Paul the Apostle did the like in his epistles, and also Aurelius Augustinus in his book of *Confessions* has narrated his own life. Jerome in the book *De Viris Illustribus* has enumerated himself with the rest ; and Francesco Petrarca also has left to posterity an epistle which contains all his own deeds . . . . And it is not unreasonable that they who celebrate and record the deeds of others should record also their own, of which no one can have better information than themselves,

Accordingly he tells us that he passed the years of boyhood in learning grammar and arithmetic ; that he made tolerable progress in prose composition, but had no vein for verse (which may readily be believed) ; that his father spared no pains or expense in bringing him up ; that he was always inclined to religion, and at the age of fourteen endeavoured to enter the monastery of S. Maria di Castello in Genoa, but was forcibly removed from it by his relations ; that his father then endeavoured to make a merchant of him, and sent him to Valencia in Spain, where he lived a life of idleness and dissipation for some years, and then had a dangerous illness, by which his former resolve to take religious orders was confirmed. He returned to Genoa, and at the age of eighteen he privately took the monastic habit at Pavia, joining the Dominican order under the name of Agostino. For twenty-seven years he lived in that condition, and these were the happiest years of his life. He was always held in great esteem (he tells us) within

the brotherhood, because he was quiet and studious, and gave himself wholly to those literary pursuits which are so highly accounted of by that order. He lived for eighteen years in the monasteries of Lombardy, and counted himself fortunate in literary matters, seeing that he had good teachers and a good supply of books. He spared no labour to acquire both languages and science, and had a very pretty talent for both.

And what profit I made in them will be judged by those who have heard my lectures ; for while living under religious rule I exercised the office of teaching for eighteen years, caring little for prelates, or for hearing confession, or for exercising the office of preaching, for which nevertheless I had good aptitudes, of which they will be able to judge who have read the few works which I have published. Moreover I had knowledge of and some conversation with the greater number of the learned men of those times, as Pico of Mirandola and the other able men of that age.

In 1513, after he had lectured for some time also in the University of Bologna, he obtained leave to devote himself entirely to his private studies, and especially to the design which he had of publishing a great polyglot edition of the Scriptures, in Hebrew, Chaldee, Greek, and Arabic, together with three Latin versions and a commentary by the editor,—a truly gigantic undertaking. While so engaged he received from his cousin, the Cardinal Bendinello Sauli, letters of presentation to the Bishopric of Nebbio. He accepted the preferment and paid an official visit to his diocese ; after which he at once set to work to print and publish a specimen of his great work.

I caused to be printed in Genoa at my expense and with a labour and cost of which any man of letters may judge, two thousands copies of the Psalms in the aforesaid five languages, thinking thereby to acquire great fame and no small profit, which I proposed to employ in the assistance of certain relatives of mine who were in need, supposing always that the work must have a very great sale and that

the princes and wealthy prelates must needs be moved to help me in the expense of printing the remainder of the Bible in that variety of tongues. But my expectation was disappointed, since the work was praised by all, but left to slumber and sleep; for hardly the fourth part of the books have been sold . . . and with difficulty could I recover the money which I had spent in the printing, which was a good round sum; for besides the two thousands copies on paper I had fifty printed on vellum, and sent copies to all the sovereigns of the world both Christian and Pagan.

There is something very engaging about the ingenuousness which confidently expected a large sale and great profits from an edition of the Bible in five languages, of which four were unintelligible to the ordinary reader. The wonder is only that he should have paid his expenses. The part of the work which remained in manuscript seems to have been lost, though the New Testament in four languages formerly existed among the archives of the Republic of Genoa. Those who have examined Giustiniani's polyglot edition of the Psalms report it to be superior in every way to that of the great Complutensian edition published in 1520, which contains moreover only three versions. After this work was printed, the newly-made bishop, who does not seem to have thought of residing in his diocese, repaired to Rome; but his hopes of better preferment were much diminished by the disgrace and subsequent death of his cousin, Cardinal Sauli. While waiting for further favours from Leo X., he was summoned by Francis I., on the recommendation of Stephen Ponchier Bishop of Paris, to plant Hebrew letters in the University of Paris, to which the study had been hitherto unknown. Here he remained for four years, during which he visited England, where he was honourably received by Henry VIII., and made acquaintance with Fisher, More, Linacre, Erasmus, and others. At length in 1522 the affairs of his diocese demanded his presence, and he went

thither, not to reside, but with intention to return forthwith. He arrived at Genoa in time to witness the lamentable sack of the city by the Imperialist troops, and he was himself wounded in the arm by the bolt of a cross-bow. He thence proceeded to Corsica, and what with the capture of Francis I. at Pavia, the plague in Genoa, and the sack of Rome, he was led to do what apparently was the last thing he had thought of doing, namely to reside in his diocese for nine whole years. He repaired the Cathedral Church, improved the episcopal residence, and set in order the finances of the see. The revenue was small, some four hundred ducats at most,—

But I contented myself with it, not that it did not seem to me a good thing to be rich and to help those in need, but considering the difficulty in obtaining benefices at the present time and the scruple of conscience which there is in holding a plurality, I have contented myself with this one, having experienced the truth of the proverb which says that "in small things there is peace," the which peace has always pleased me more than aught else; nor have I found greater delight in anything than in that, with the accompaniment of letters, which I have always pursued, running after them at full speed, and knowing that there is no more apt and efficacious means of reaching Paradise than the aforesaid literary repose, apart from pride and worldly ambition.

Perhaps in one who had been vowed to poverty this appreciation of the advantages of wealth is a little too lively; but on the whole it gives a pleasant enough picture of an ecclesiastical dignitary at a time when the corruption of the clergy in Italy is sometimes supposed to have reached its height. He returned to Genoa in 1531, to enjoy some of the new-found liberty of the Republic; thence to Rome to see his brother; then to his diocese, and back to Genoa again. Finally (it must be added to the autobiography) he was shipwrecked and drowned in crossing over from Genoa to Corsica in the year 1536. As regards his literary work and personal

qualities we may quote his own testimony:

I have translated many things into my mother tongue for the use of the clergy of my diocese, who are all ignorant of letters: I have translated the *Economics* of Xenophon for the instruction of my sister-in-law and of my nieces. I have made a minute description of the island of Corsica for the advantage of my native city, which I have dedicated to the Prince Andrea d'Orta; and I have also set out the description in painting and presented it to the magnificent Office of St. George. I have collected and compiled these annals for the advantage of the public and of my native place, of which I have always been a zealous lover. . . . And in order to render service to the Republic, so far as my strength allows, I have presented to it (by permission of the Pope) my library, which has not its equal in all Europe, not so much for the number of the volumes, which amount to about a thousand, as for their variety and costliness, being written in all tongues and on all sciences, and upon costly material; seeing that I have gathered them together from the most distant regions, and with the greatest diligence, and at more expense than was suitable to my means. . . . I am of excellent and healthy bodily temperament, of choleric disposition, large make, neither thin nor stout, with blue eyes, chestnut hair, well-formed limbs, colour good and lively; in boyhood somewhat stammering; stout and vigorous for fasting, watching, and all the labours of the religious calling, as well as for study and for episcopal duties. True it is, however, that since the year twenty-eight the gout has somewhat troubled me. . . . I have always endeavoured to fulfil my promises, made small account of money. . . . been compassionate and loving to the poor, to relations and to friends, whom I would have helped much more if my means had allowed me. I have been above measure disposed to belief, especially in the matters which concern religion, the ceremonies of which I have always held in great veneration. . . . and if I had visited or should visit the Holy Sepulchre and the other sacred places in the East, I should venture to say that I had fulfilled all my desires in this life.

That he was a patriotic citizen of Genoa there can be no doubt, and so far he was well fitted to write the History of the Republic. This he

judges to be an undertaking very suitable to his calling, "for what can be a more religious thing than to have set the example of instructing our people to be lovers of the Republic, in such manner that they may seek not only to keep it in liberty and true union, but to increase it in power and glory." The history is (as it should be) intensely local, and is written in the annalistic form from the year when the regular annals begin, namely, 1100, down to the recovery of liberty in 1528. In great part it is a translation of the annals of Caffaro and his successors, but for that it is none the worse. The style, which was scoffed at by the Tuscans as barbarous, is intentionally simple and popular, and the author asserts his rights as a Genoese citizen in this matter as well as in others.

Though writing this history in the vulgar tongue, I have not troubled myself to observe all the rules laid down by the authors of these times for the Tuscan speech. . . . Each man has his own taste, and it satisfies and pleases me better to write *appellazione* than *appellazione*, *Duce* than *Doge*, *Principe* than *Prencipe*, *populo* than *popolo*, etc. Nor of this my taste is it incumbent upon me to render any reason, except that it has seemed good to me to do so, not caring at all to be reputed a Tuscan, being born Genoese.

Thus, even where he has conformed to the rules of the Tuscan speech, he wishes it to be understood that he has done so only because it pleased his taste and not from any respect for the rules. Truly we have cause to be thankful that it did not seem good to him to employ the Genoese dialect, as he had an undoubted right to do.

The history begins with a geographical description of Liguria, with statistics of the population which are of the highest value. The description of San Remo is very attractive, and seems almost designed to draw thither the winter visitors who discovered it three centuries and a half later.

There follows the pleasant and delightful land named San Remo, distant eight

miles from Vintimiglia . . . The territory of San Remo is all full of citrons, lemons, cedars and oranges, not only delightful to the view and good to the taste, but also of great profit, seeing that these fruits are carried by sea and by land to many parts. There is also a great multitude of palm-trees, the fruit of which does not come to maturity. And the Roman pontiff is wont every year to send a courier to buy the palms for that solemnity which is celebrated on the Sunday before Easter. The Hebrews also of Germany and of other places send to buy cedars at San Remo for the solemnity of the Tabernacles . . . The land is well populated and contains a thousand households; the people attend to navigation and to the culture of their odoriferous gardens, and a large part of them live on rents. The territory is surrounded by many hills which defend it on the north, west and east, and it lies all exposed to the south, which is the cause that it produces these fruits in so much beauty and abundance.

It is not without interest to observe that palms were supplied to Rome from the neighbourhood of San Remo long before the time of Sixtus V. The account which is given by the author of the impression made on one who approached Genoa by sea is striking enough, and proves that the coasts on each side of the city were as thickly populated and as much built over then as now, affording a spectacle which in those days was probably unique: "When one comes by sea to Genoa, so magnificent a prospect presents itself that strangers are deceived, and think they see a city which extends twenty or five and twenty miles. For my part I do not believe that there is any view to match it in Europe." The account he gives of the villas of the wealthy citizens of Genoa in S. Pier d'Arena is melancholy reading enough for those who are acquainted with the present condition of that smoky suburb; and Genoa itself was already a city of palaces, though hardly one of the Renaissance edifices which now distinguish it had then been built.<sup>1</sup> When we speak now of the Genoese

palaces, we mean generally those of the Via Balbi or the Via Nuova; but fine as many of these are in their way, the old, built in the Lombard style of the fourteenth century, if smaller, were far more beautiful, as we may judge by the few examples which remain comparatively uninjured.<sup>2</sup> The patriotic historian had measured with his own hands the circuit of the city of Paris in order to prove that it exceeded that of Genoa by no more than fifty palms.

The author deplores, with some reason as it seems, the absence of records before the year 1100, when the Chronicle of Caffaro begins.

In the year 1088 (he writes), the Genoese sent an army to Africa. But to what place in Africa or what was the number of the army or what success it had, we have no notice, because foreign writers make no mention of it, and our annals say only, "in the army of Africa 1088"; and ill may we divine that which they would desire their readers to understand by it. Again as regards the year 1093: of the matters which belong to this time the annals touch with a single word only, "in the first army of Tortosa, 1093." And it means to say that in this year the army was sent with the fleet to Tortosa. And in my opinion the writer means Tortosa in Soria. And he has left to his readers the trouble of investigating what the army and the fleet did there. And would to God these and other like things might be found out by labour and study: because there would not be wanting persons who for the love of their native place would not grudge the labour.

He evidently found it hard to forgive the annalist, who by the addition of a few words might have cleared up so much that was obscure; for he alludes to him again afterwards with bitterness as the writer who mentions an army sent to Tortosa in the year 1093, "and does not specify which Tortosa it is."

<sup>2</sup> As an example of the encouragement given to domestic architecture by the Republic it is interesting to note that when the Palazzo Dinegro, in the Via Lucoli, was built in 1416, its owners were exempted from all taxation in consideration of the beauty of the fabric.

<sup>1</sup> See on this subject the pleasantly-written little book called *Genoa, her History as written in her Buildings*, by E. A. Le Mesurier.



It need hardly be said that the history of the Crusades is told in such a manner as to convince the reader that both their importance and their success depended wholly on the part taken in them by the Genoese, without whom the first Crusade would have been a failure and the third (if we believe their historian) would not have taken place at all. It may be observed, however, that the reproach often made against the Venetians, that they were backward in the first Crusade for fear of damaging their commercial interests in the East, is equally applicable to the Genoese on many other occasions by the confession of their own historian, witness their behaviour at Ceuta, in 1234, and their hesitation in following Louis IX. to Tunis in 1270. They had thought at first that he was going to the East, and they had hoped by joining his expedition to get an advantage over the Venetians there, with whom they had a quarrel: "they supposed that they were to sail to Soria; and when they saw that the king was sailing to Tunis, they were much at a loss, doubting lest the Genoese traders, of whom there were great numbers in Tunis, might suffer some damage on their account, as in fact happened." The historian discreetly passes over the story about the Genoese merchants of Galata, who are said to have advised the Turks how they might conquer Constantinople. One remarkable incident connected with the Crusades is thus recorded: "In the month of August [1212] there entered into the city, under the guidance of a German boy called Nicholas, about seven thousand persons, men and women, old and young, in the habit of pilgrims, with a fixed belief that at Genoa the sea should be dried up, and that they should pass dry-foot to Jerusalem; among whom were many sons of gentlemen. And the Republic for many reasons did not permit them to remain in the city beyond six or seven days."

We need not be careful to follow our historian through the long faction

fight of which the history of Genoa is popularly supposed to consist, and which is related with scrupulous fidelity. In reading the details of it we are disposed to think that Genoa at least would have been happier if it had had less history, and to wonder whether commercial credit has really any connection with political stability. On reflection we shall perhaps conclude that the commercial credit of Genoa was due very largely to the Office of St. George, the position of which is duly appreciated by our author.

He who considers well will see that by reason of this magistracy there are, as it were, two communities in the city, the one great and the other small;<sup>1</sup> the great is governed from the palace and comprehends the whole city; the small is governed from St. George, as regards the matters mentioned, and comprehends only the holders of stock; the first is subject to variations and has often been under a government rather tyrannical than otherwise; the second has been always steadfast and unvaried, free under a paternal rule. And it is a marvellous thing, and one not found out before either by philosophers or others, that in one circuit of walls at one and the same time there should be tyranny and liberty, justice and license. And up to this year of 1534, when we write, the Office has been always constant and faithful, and though it has suffered many losses it has always paid interest upon its stock, a thing which neither the *monti* of Florence nor the public loans of Venice have done.

In fact, however, it was not so much the Office of St. George itself (which was not instituted until 1407) as the early appreciation by the Genoese of the importance of public credit, which amid political changes secured commercial stability. For at least two hundred years before the institution of the Office the interest on the public debts had been paid with absolute regularity and the stock had been freely bought

<sup>1</sup> There is a letter from Alphonso of Aragon in the year 1456, which accuses the Genoese of shuffling responsibility backwards and forwards between the State and the Office so that one never knew where to have them, "like the priest of Hercules mentioned by St. Augustine who played draughts by himself, right hand against left."



and sold in the market, a fact which, as Mr. Le Mesurier points out, makes Genoa in point of national credit five hundred years ahead of England. So general was the dealing in State funds that Giustiniani suggests as a possible cause for the civil war of 1506, the desire of some interested persons to bring about a fall in their value.

As an example of Giustiniani's graphic style we may cite his description of the election of the first Duke; and note that *Duce* is the form always used by our author and by the Genoese, not *Doge*, which is a Venetianism.

In the year 1339, the city being then governed by two captains of the people, Raffaello d'Oria and Galeotto Spinola, much discontent had arisen for various reasons; as indeed was not to be wondered at, for those captains had been in office now nearly four years, and when did Genoa ever remain contented under one government for four years? Among other things of less moment, the people desired that their Abbot (a kind of tribune) should be elected by themselves as in former times, instead of being appointed by the captains, as had been ordained two years before.

To which thing [says our author], the captains consented for fear of worse, though unwillingly (as 'tis said). And on the 23rd of September twenty men of the populace of Genoa and of the three valleys were elected in order to make election of the abbot. And they being in the chamber of the government palace, the captains and a good part of the populace, traders and artisans, were waiting without for the announcement of the name of the abbot; and those within delayed so much that the others grew weary of waiting. And it came to pass, by chance or fortune or divine providence, that an artisan of the goldbeaters' craft, a madcap fellow, who was not very wise, boldly mounted the stage and said, "My masters, will ye that I declare to you your salvation?" and some answered "No," and some, considering that he was not very wise, for a jest cried out to him that he should speak. And the goldbeater said, "Will ye that it be done as I shall say?" and some said "Yes," and others "No." And the goldbeater said, "Howbeit, I will say my say."

And every one standing attentive, he said, "Let Simon Boccanegra be abbot," and at the word all the people who were there standing by raised a cry of "Boccanegra," and they took him by the hand, shouting "abbot, abbot," and made him sit upon the bench between the captains. And the twenty electors came out of the chamber, startled because they heard every one cry "Long live the abbot, Simon Boccanegra." And so by force they put the sword into his hand; and he making a sign with his hand repressed the shouting, and said to them, "Gentlemen of the people, I thank you greatly, and remain much obliged to you for the honour which ye have done me; but, however, I must not be your abbot; and ye must know that none of my family was ever abbot; and I pray you to make another abbot." Boccanegra said this to let the people know that those of his house were of greater dignity than they who were commonly elected abbots; and he gave back to them the sword. And the people hearing and seeing this, were much dispirited; and forthwith there was raised another cry, which said, "Let him be lord of the city!" And as things went thus, the captains and the former abbot, seeing the danger, asked Simon to consent to that which the people asked, their intention being (as is believed) that he should have been made abbot and not lord; and Simon answered, "Well, gentlemen, to content you I am ready, since ye so desire it, to be abbot or lord or what ye will." And the people shouted, "Let him be lord and not abbot." And he said again: "I perceive your intent, ye wish that I should be lord, and ye wish that the captains should bear rule together with me." And the people shouted, "No, no, we wish you to be duke." And so they took Simon from the palace and brought him to the church of S. Siro, and then to his own house, crying "*Viva il signore*," and others "*Viva il duce*."

And so after some notable acts of vigour by way of repressing disorder and pillage, on the next day Simon Boccanegra was designated and confirmed to be Duke of the city of Genoa for the term of his natural life.

The story is interesting (but not absolutely vouched for by Giustiniani), of the shibboleth by which the Venetians in 1380 are said to have distinguished the Genoese from their other prisoners. They made them say the

word *cavra*, and those who pronounced it *crava* were taken to be Genoese. Whether true or not, the story illustrates the Genoese tendency to thrust into prominence the letter *r* and to substitute it for other sounds, so that they say *Crovvara*, for *Corvara*, *Framura* for *Framula*, *marotto* for *malato*, and so on.

Of the natural phenomena recorded by our author some no doubt are suspicious, as for instance the remarkable eclipse of the moon in the year 1258, and the miraculous shortening of the night of the 30th of May, 1522, when Genoa was being sacked; on which occasion (it is perhaps worth while to observe) the author, who vouches for the miracle, was himself present. About others, however, there is no reason to doubt, and some are of considerable interest to those who live in the locality, for what has happened once in this way may happen again. For example, in the year 1158 it rained not at all from the 1st of May till the month of March in the next year, excepting one time only, "and that was rather dew than rain." In 1493 the cold was so excessive that the sea was frozen in the harbour, so that boats could not put out, "a thing never seen or heard of before,"—or since, so far as I know. In 1505 a boy bathing was carried off by a shark, a fact which might give cause for apprehension to some of the many thousand summer bathers on the Riviera coast, where sharks are often seen but are said never to hurt any one.

Solid good sense is a characteristic of our historian, except occasionally in regard to miracles and portents. He speaks of the Immaculate Conception as a question which has been raised "with small profit of souls." He thinks it short-sighted folly when the Republic makes hard conditions with the Pope for a loan, "treating him rather like a bankrupt merchant than a pontiff," and forces him to pay duty on his tapestries against his will. He is of opinion that the expense should not have been regarded in a

work of such manifest public utility as the proposal to bring a constant supply of water to the city from a distance of about five miles. Though he professes no great skill in investigating causes, "happy is he (as the poet says), to whom it is given to know the causes of things," nevertheless he is not very far wrong when he conjectures that the divisions and civil strife of the city are a consequence of the excessive luxury of its citizens; at least it may be said that the spirit of individual self-seeking of which the luxury was a sign, was the principal cause of the factions and divisions. "In place of love of the Republic has come ambition, in place of liberality avarice, in place of economy luxury; and above all these has grown up an inordinate love of private gain, and care for the public good has been set aside." It may be doubted, however, whether that golden age, in which individual Genoese citizens made no account of their own private profit in comparison of the public good, ever really existed at all. Patriotism they had no doubt, but for the most part of that enlightened and business-like sort which sees its way to private profit to be derived directly from the public good. The holders of the *luoghi*, or shares in the public debt, did not hesitate to support the public credit even by large contributions from their private purses; and the mercantile community was keenly enough alive to the difference which it would make to their gains if Galata or Caffa, Scio or Famagosta, fell into other hands than theirs. Not that patriotism of this kind is to be despised; on the contrary it would be well if there were much more of it. It has sometimes been said that the Genoese failed most egregiously in this matter when they refused to allow Columbus to discover a new hemisphere under the Genoese flag. But this (it may be) was not so much because they were unable adequately to conceive the idea of such projects as he proposed, but because they had heard too

much of them already, because, since the time when the Vivaldi set out on their ill-fated expedition (two centuries before the voyage of Columbus), the expression *Compagnia delle Indie* had become proverbial in Genoa (as it is said to be still), in reference to hopeless speculations, in which no sound trader would risk his capital; not to mention the probability that any further development of Atlantic navigation would turn to the benefit of the Portuguese or some other rivals, and lower the position of the great Mediterranean ports; in which prevision, if they had it, we cannot deny that they were justified. To marvel at the Genoese and the Venetians for refusing to entertain the proposals of Columbus would be much the same as to feel surprised that the Gas Companies are not more enthusiastic in promoting the spread of electric lighting.

As for Columbus, the letter is well known in which he left the tenth

part of his revenues to the Office of St. George, to be applied in lightening the toll on wine and corn, and the statement of Giustiniani, who was a contemporary, is curious, that "the aforesaid Office (for what cause I know not) has made no account of this legacy, nor taken any measures to obtain it." Indeed, to judge by another of the Columbus autographs which are preserved in the *Municipio* of Genoa, the receipt of his letter was never acknowledged.

And so let us take leave for the present of the Bishop of Nebbio and his book, which, local as it is, contains much that is of more than local interest, and may fairly be called (as it has been called by its first editor) a decidedly praiseworthy work, quite adequate for the purposes of the student, and generally useful to every class of reader.

G. C. MACAULAY.

HENRY SCHLIEMANN.<sup>1</sup>

"LET us now praise famous men," is a text of which we can never tire. The man of whom I am to speak, whose loss is regretted by every academy and every university of Europe, belonged more than almost any man of our time to many lands, and was in an eminent degree a citizen of the world. Born in Germany, he migrated to Holland, and thence to Russia. He frequently visited France and England, and was a citizen in America. Latterly he lived in Greece. He died in Italy, and report says that he is to be buried at Colonus in Attica, by the side of the two great *savants* whom the gratitude of Greece has selected from among the learned of Europe for that highest of Hellenic honours, a public burial—by the side of Karl Ottfried Müller and Charles Lenormant.

A man who rises as did Schliemann by business talent from utmost poverty to wealth is sure to possess some fine qualities. Persevering he can scarcely fail to be, and clear-headed and self-controlled. But it is no necessary consequence that he should be interesting. But interesting Schliemann was—irresistibly interesting; and he moved on a higher level than that of common every day existence. The secret was that his whole life from first to last was penetrated by a definite purpose, and was directed to a noble end. Amid the buffetings of fortune and the cares of business his heart never once swerved from the determination to realise the dream of his youth, to find the existing remains of the cities and palaces of which Homer sang, and to force the earth to give up the best relics she retained of heroic Greece. The realisation was

indeed utterly different from the dream. Like almost all those who have done great things in the world, Schliemann was to some extent the victim of illusion. Nevertheless his purpose bore fruit, if not exactly the fruit he had expected. Columbus sailed to find the Indies, and discovered instead a new world. So Schliemann set out to prove the literal truth of the Iliad, and revealed instead unsuspected mines of knowledge in regard to the life and art, the manners and commerce of the Greeks of the pre-historic ages.

In sketching the outlines of Schliemann's career we must needs follow the short and delightfully naïve autobiography prefixed to the great work on *Ilios*. Sceptics may tell us that in recalling after so many years the circumstances of his youth, the writer's memory or his imagination may have sometimes played him false. And we must allow that this is scarcely unlikely in one of so ardent and so imaginative a temperament. But we have no other source of knowledge; and after all, if facts in the autobiography be sometimes not uncoloured, at least it presents to us a clear likeness of the man. It was in ancient Greece a wise and a magnanimous custom that when a sculptor modelled a statue or relief of a dead man to adorn his tomb he did not reproduce slavishly the features of the individual, but rather represented the type, considering that those who died became thereby free of accident and retained only the essential. Let us follow the custom in the case of Schliemann.

Born in 1822 in Mecklenburg, the son of a Protestant pastor, Schliemann passed a youth by no means bare of romance and imagination. In the village churchyard was buried a robber knight named Henning, who was said

<sup>1</sup> A paper read at a meeting of the Society for the Promotion of Hellenic Studies, on February 23rd.

to have kicked in final insult one of the victims whom he was torturing to death; and the story was that out of his tomb grew for ages a leg covered with a black silk stocking. The first project of excavation which entered into the boyish mind of Henry Schliemann was one which had for its object the investigation of this remarkable phenomenon by digging up the robber's corpse. This project was frustrated by the authorities, and soon the boy's ambition rose to loftier designs. One Christmas he received as a gift Jerrer's *Universal History*, and was at once attracted by the picture which represented the burning of Troy. His father in vain asserted that the picture was merely fanciful. "To my question," he writes, "whether ancient Troy had such huge walls as those depicted in the book he answered in the affirmative. 'Father,' retorted I, 'if such walls once existed they cannot possibly have been completely destroyed: vast ruins of them must still remain, but they are hidden beneath the dust of ages.' He maintained the contrary, whilst I remained firm in my opinion, and at last we both agreed that I should one day excavate Troy. And so it happened that I talked of nothing else to my play-fellows but of Troy, and of the mysterious and wonderful things in which our village abounded."

Truly the child is father of the man. And perhaps no part of the passage which I have read is more characteristic than the phrase "I remained firm in my opinion." The children in our Board Schools would smile at the credulity of the boy, and ridicule the fervency of his imagination; but all the same he would have remained firm in his opinion. And firm in his opinion he remained through want and hunger and labour and sorrow, until he had brought it to the only test which so manly a soul could accept, the test not of argument and discussion, nor of counting of heads, but of hard and undeniable fact.

Evil days soon fell on the romantic boy. His parents were very poor, and

at fourteen he was taken from school and became an apprentice to a grocer. Here his life was hard and monotonous; but he records one incident which brightened its dullness. One day a drunken miller who had been well educated came into the shop, and to amuse the apprentice recited some verses of Homer. "Although," he writes, "I did not understand a syllable, the melodious sound of the words made a deep impression upon me, and I wept bitter tears over my unhappy fate. Three times over did I get him to repeat to me those divine verses, rewarding his trouble with three glasses of whiskey, which I bought with the few pence that made up my whole fortune. From that moment I never ceased to pray God that by His grace I might yet have the happiness of learning Greek."

Being obliged to leave his poor employment through an injury to the chest, young Schliemann fell into still greater need, and even into danger of actual starvation. Taking service as a cabin boy, he was wrecked on the coast of Holland and reached Amsterdam almost naked. This shipwreck was the turning point in his fortunes. The pity of strangers provided him with a few florins and a situation in which he earned thirty-two pounds a year, half of which he devoted to living, miserably enough, and half of which he devoted to self-education and the long battle with fortune. A dinner cost him two-pence, and a fire was never lit in his wretched garret. But the fire burned within. The purpose of his youth was not forgotten, and he set himself to work step by step with slow approaches towards his one ideal, knowledge of Greek, and a life-long search for the buried remains of the Homeric age.

His first upward struggles were with foreign languages. In this matter without endorsing his views I must at all events narrate his progress. There can be no doubt that he became in time a very accomplished linguist, speaking and writing with fluency, if not with perfect correctness, a large number of languages; and the means by which

he attained that result, while still employed all day as a clerk or messenger, are certainly most interesting. He began by taking a master in English, but neither in this nor in any other case did he begin with accidence or syntax. His plan was to converse freely with natives, to learn by rote twenty pages a day of some prose work of which he knew the general drift, and to write tales of his own composition. In six months he knew *Ivanhoe* and the *Vicar of Wakefield* from end to end, and could write and speak English fluently. By similar methods French was acquired in six months, and he adds, "This unremitting study had in the course of a single year strengthened my memory to such a degree that the study of Dutch, Spanish, Italian, and Portuguese appeared very easy, and it did not take me more than six weeks to write and speak each of these languages fluently." Next came Russian, which presented more difficulty, for no person speaking Russian was to be found. Schliemann therefore lighted on the ingenious device of learning the language from a teacher who did not know it. Procuring a Russian version of *Télémaque*, he hired a poor Jew for four francs a week to listen for two hours every evening to recitations from that work, of which he did not understand a syllable.

After such preliminary exercises Schliemann gave way to his ardent desire to learn Greek. A translation in modern Greek of *Paul et Virginie* helped him within six weeks to read and write Romaic with facility. Ancient Greek took three months longer; after which, as he tells us, "I then occupied myself for two years exclusively with the literature of ancient Greece; and during this time I read almost all the classical authors cursorily, and the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* several times. Of the Greek grammar I learned only the declensions and the verbs, and never lost my precious time in studying its rules. I learned ancient Greek as I would have learned a living language. I can write it with the greatest fluency, and am perfectly

acquainted with all the grammatical rules without even knowing whether or not they are contained in the grammars; and whenever a man finds errors in my Greek I can immediately prove that I am right by merely reciting passages from the classics where the sentences employed by me occur."

I give Schliemann's own account of his mastery of the Greek language without comment. But it is not as a linguist that he has gained fame, and I hasten on to speak of the labours by which he sent a wave of surprise and excitement through the learned world, and opened a new volume of that safest and most verifiable of histories which is not recorded in books, but in stone and bronze and earthenware.

Having amassed the means for carrying out the old project of excavating Ilium, Schliemann began with characteristic patience and tenacity by practising on other sites. First Ithaca attracted him; and he soon demolished the airy fancies of Gell, who supposed he had found there the foundations of the palace of Ulysses. Instead, Schliemann's inexperienced eyes discovered what had escaped even the masterly observation of Leake, the remains on Mount Aëtos of a primeval city built of huge blocks of stone and containing some hundreds of prehistoric dwellings.

Next he began in leisurely fashion what we may call the second siege of Troy. This was in 1870, when he was about forty-eight years of age.

To the archæologist every one of the prehistoric sites investigated in recent years brings problems of great importance and results of far-reaching value. But to the scholar and the historian three of them far outweigh the rest. These are Schliemann's three sites of Hissarlik, Mycenæ, and Tiryns. It is with some regret that I say the site of Hissarlik rather than the site of Troy. But the latter phrase is misleading. The foundations of Troy were laid, not on this earth of ours but in the realm of the imagination, in the same region where are situated Camelot and Scheria, beyond the reach of the explorer's



spade. At any rate the remains discovered at Hissarlik, in those strata which lie beneath the Lydian and Greek foundations, are by no means of the same age, nor do they belong to the same civilisation as the Homeric poems, but are divided from them by a long and unmeasured course of time; in a word, the facts of Hissarlik and the legends of Homer have no visible connection one with the other. And indeed this is the view which at last, in spite of his sanguine disposition, forced itself on Schliemann himself. When he published *Ilios* in 1880, he wrote: "I wish I could have proved Homer to have been an eye-witness of the Trojan war! Alas! I cannot do it! The civilisation he describes is later by centuries than that which I have brought to light in the excavations." And in his *Troja*, published in 1884, he confesses with regret that his scepticism had gone further still: "I found it impossible to think that whilst there were so many large cities on the coast of Asia, the catastrophe of a little borough could at once have been taken up by the bards; that the legend of the event could have survived for centuries, and have come down to Homer to be magnified by him to gigantic proportions, and to become the subject of his divine poems."

But if the excavations in the Troad thus appear to have no connection with Homer or even with Hellas, they do not thereby lose all their value. It is an inestimable gain to be able to trace stratum below stratum the remains of all the populations which succeeded one another on an ancient site at the gates of Asia from a time which may go back to the third millennium before our era onwards. We have an archaeological record of an important site which may be compared to the geological record preserved in the crust of the earth; and as geologists can read in rock and fossil the succession of glacial and torrid epochs, of rising and falling of level, so can we now trace successive waves of population in a corner of Asia, observe the successive rises and declines in civilisa-

tion and the arts of life, and dimly outline the history of those vast voiceless ages which in all lands precede the dawn of recorded history. And this we owe to Henry Schliemann.

The first and obvious results of the excavations at Mycenæ were sufficiently striking. Here hidden in six graves, which had been dug deep just within the main gate of the fortress, were the undisturbed remains of a number of wealthy and powerful princes of primitive days; there they lay, they and their wives, covered with the rich treasures which had been buried with them, works of gold and silver, of amber and glass, of wood and ivory. We had secured a section cut out of the heart of prehistoric days in Greece; a mine of knowledge in regard to the arts, the customs, the commerce of those days, which must needs command the attention of generations of students, and which could not fail when cast into the melting-pot of historic science to produce the gold of fixed and certain knowledge.

At the moment perhaps the discovery was too dazzling, and the first result was the production, on the part especially of those who had not studied the facts on the spot, of theories which have since proved baseless. Stephani thought that the tombs were of barbarous invaders of Greece in a later age, Gauls or Goths; Köhler suggested a Carian origin. It may be as well to say at once why these views have become obsolete. It is simply because the Mycenaean discoveries no longer stand alone. Every year brings some new discovery which serves to bring them into closer relation to other remains of early Greece; every year brings them more and more into a series.

Much as the tombs of Mycenæ have added to our knowledge of the art and the civilisation of Greece before the Dorian conquest, still more perhaps has been taught us in regard to it by those remarkable discoveries, due also mainly to Schliemann, of the remains of great palaces of prehistoric kings

on the topmost ridge of the hills at Tiryns and at Mycenæ. Here again was a case in which at first the new knowledge dazzled men's eyes. Some scholars fancied that these palaces might have been erected by nobles of the Byzantine or the Frankish age; others, including even Dr. Dörpfeld, were disposed to regard them as Phœnician rather than Greek. But the Byzantine hypothesis was soon put out of court by the discovery that at Mycenæ a Greek temple of early Doric style had been built over the foundations of the palace; and the Phœnician hypothesis has been fast losing support since on other acropolis hills of Greece, even that of Athens, traces have been found of similar palaces approached by similar rocky staircases. Once again, what at first seemed exceptional is rapidly being proved to be the rule. And with more and more reason every year we imagine the hill-tops of Greece in the later prehistoric age as covered with the palatial dwelling houses of God-descended heroes, who thence ruled over the cities which clustered at their feet, and exacted tribute from neighbours and foes. Their towers and halls filled the spaces dedicated in historic days to the service and temples of the gods, and their easy and luxurious lives passed amid a pomp and refinement which we should associate rather with the courts of Sardes or Cyprus than with the cities of Greece. This was the golden age of heroic Greece, the age celebrated in poem and legend, when the heavens were nearer and the gods more familiar; when deities consorted with mortal women, and there were born giants and warriors of superhuman prowess and undying fame. Of the state of the people neither legend, nor poem, nor even archaeological investigation can tell us much. They were the nameless crowd who toiled and fought and died. But the chiefs were of nobler metal and of more enduring name. As their palaces shone through the land like the sun and the moon, so do they shine in legend as half divine, as a golden race

whom we of the iron age can think of only as always happy and wealthy and splendid.

It must be confessed that when we begin in more critical and prosaic mood to compare detail by detail the results of Schliemann's discoveries with the facts to be melted out of the glowing narratives of Homer we find very considerable difficulties. The light which they should throw on the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, the winning of which was the motive power which set Schliemann to work, is neither so clear nor so abundant as might be hoped. When we turn to the Homeric descriptions of works of art we find a looseness and an exaggerated estimation which seem to prove that such works were handed down from richer and more artistic times rather than made by living workmen. Vessels and ornaments of any exceptional beauty are spoken of either as the handiwork of Hephestus or as importations from Sidon. The fashion of work does not seem to be changed, but the products seem to have become less abundant, less familiar, more objects of wonder.

And as art in the age of Homer had changed from the art of the Mycænæan graves, so had the life of heroes as described in Homer changed from the life which we can recover at Tiryns, and changed in the same direction, the direction of impoverishment and decay. Homer tells us of splendid palaces glittering with gold and bronze, shining through the land with a light like the light of sun and moon, palaces in which dwelt fairy kings like the wise Alcinous or the wealthy Menelaus. But he tells us little about them. What is really familiar to the author of the *Iliad* is the tents by the sea-shore where dwell the warriors amid constant alarms of war. And when the author of the *Odyssey* depicts for us the palace of Ulysses, he depicts not so much a palace as a substantial farmhouse, where swine wallow in the court and maids are busy with their mills. The splendour of life is with Homer in the past, and the men of his own day do not live in

the luxury to which their ancestors were accustomed.

Some men seem to us great in themselves; other men seem to have done great things. In the case of Schliemann what he has done strikes us first; but when we come to consider it the deeds are little more than a corollary of the man's nature. Untiring in persistency, inflexible in resolve, with unbounded talent for action, he was one of those who must succeed if only they receive the gift of a worthy and an attainable purpose. The purpose came to Schliemann in childhood; but if he had consulted one by one the great scholars and archaeologists of Europe, they would probably one and all have declared his notions chimerical. He did not consult any one, learned or unlearned, but merely went his way, step by step. And when he began to attain great results they were at first greeted with contempt and cynicism. German archaeology would make no account of an excavator who had not even a university degree. Greeks smiled at his madness and made him the subject of daily scandal. Some declared that he first bought and buried the antiquities which he afterwards found. It is a great satisfaction to me to record that the first country which did justice to Schliemann was England. In England there was a group of archaeologists trained by facts and existing monuments rather than in the schools, who from the first grasped the meaning of the new discoveries.

Of course no man who is of strongly moulded character sees all things alike in a white light. And when a man has in him the fibre of an original discoverer, he is in the nature of the case one-sided. Nobody supposes that Schliemann is the best judge of Schliemann's discoveries, or sees with wide impartiality their relations and their corollaries. In purpose, in enthusiasm, in life he had been trained, and trained in the severest of schools, but he could not of course be called a *savant* or an educated archaeologist. His imagination had not been trained to work in

harness, nor his intellect to recognise the subtle lines which divide the probable from the possible, or the possible from the chimerical. Thus many of his views, and especially of his views in regard to Ilium, were inadequate and untenable. To the last he had an exaggerated notion of what was historical in early Greek legend; the siege of Troy was so real to his imagination that he could not bring himself to recognise its unhistorical character. Indeed the fruit of his labours might have been more spoiled by these tendencies than it is, but for the vein of modesty which was one of the gentler elements in his rugged character. To attack he was impervious, but to the opinion of friends in whom he had complete confidence he was ready to give way with charming deference. On many points he adopted as his own the views of Dr. Virchow, of Mr. Sayce, of Mr. Mahaffy, of Sir Charles Newton. And he had the great good fortune to secure the aid of a man who joined to an enthusiastic temper not unlike his own a thorough training in architecture, and a genius for topographic research, Wilhelm Dörpfeld. Dr. Dörpfeld also is wanting in critical sobriety of judgment, but his training has been thorough if not wide; and it is to his collaboration that the great books of Schliemann, *Ilios*, *Troja*, *Mycenæ*, *Tiryns*, owe very much of their scientific value.

It is not easy for one who has known Henry Schliemann personally to cease speaking of him without adding a few words of more personal bearing. Among English and French *savants* smooth polished and sceptical, among German *Gelehrten*, each in his own little field omniscient and indifferent to all outside it, Schliemann moved as a being intensely real, full of imaginations and prejudices, of love and hatred. This strong colour of personal feeling he infused into all his work; his discoveries were his children, and he was ready to fight for them as a lioness fights for her young. He regarded all criticisms of his views as libels and calumnies,

and attacked them in the spirit of a theologian who has to combat an insidious heresy. Few who were present at the notable debate on Tiryns at Burlington House in 1886 will forget it. Mr. Stillman had declared his wish to lay before the Hellenic Society a statement of his reasons for believing that the palace at Tiryns was not of pre-historic date but belonged rather to the Byzantine age. It occurred to us that when his paper was read Schliemann might like to be present. We telegraphed to him at Athens, and he immediately replied that both himself and Dr. Dörpfeld would immediately set out for England. To so old a traveller the length of Europe seemed but a trifle. The meeting was held and Mr. Stillman's oppugnations read. The opening sentence of Schliemann's reply often recurs to me as an instance in which perfect simplicity could scarcely be distinguished from consummate skill. It was something like this: "When first, years ago, I saw at Tiryns the foundations on the Acropolis of the walls of a great palace, I too was disposed to see in it a work of the Byzantine age. I must beg this assembly to pardon me so great, so enormous a blunder." When Dr. Dörpfeld had added his exquisitely lucid exposition to Schliemann's vehement protestation, most of those present felt that the honours of the day rested with the Athenian visitors. And it was not long before the discovery at Mycenæ of the foundations of an early Greek temple, superimposed on those of the palace walls, put the Byzantine theory at least out of court. Mr. Penrose, who at the time was in favour of the later date, has now been entirely convinced; and among reasonable men there is now, I believe, little difference of opinion on the subject.

There were some ways in which Schliemann, successful as he was in the modern world, seemed rather to belong

to that which passed away before the advance of Christianity. Though he was a strong believer in providence, there was in him a certain amount of natural Teutonic heathenism. And this ancestral tendency somehow joined hands with the early Greek heathenism of Homer. With an idealising power which showed how much of poetry lay beneath his rugged surface, he found in modern Greece some reflex of the days of Agamemnon and Achilles. In his Athenian house he managed to reconcile the superficial refinement of our century with something of the fashion of old Hellenic life. Those who there partook of his open-handed hospitality felt as if they were in a new Phæacian palace, while the tough old Ulysses at the head of the table told his stories or sketched the plan of his future works. Those works, alas, have come to an end. The projected excavations in Crete in search of the remains of the civilisation which the Greeks connected with the names of Minos and Dedalus, the complete unravelling of the knotty problem of the successive cities at Hissarlik, the further investigation of the great Acropolis of Mycenæ are reserved for other hands. Even Madame Schliemann, for so long a partner in her husband's labours and successes, can take up but a small part of them. But it will always be said that it was to the perseverance, the faith and the enthusiasm of Henry Schliemann that we owe the first great efforts to draw aside the veil which long ages had laid over the remains of the prehistoric age of Greece. And it will always be felt that his life is a proof that neither poverty nor engrossing worldly anxieties, nor want of early education, need avail to shut out from any man who has learned or scientific ambition the prospect of being able to accomplish great things in the realm of knowledge, and to leave a name honoured and memorable to the piety of the commonwealth of learning.

PERCY GARDNER.

